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Nick Carter Stories

THE GAMBLER'S LAST HAND OR THE LITTLE GIANT WINS OUT

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NICK CARTER STORIES

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THE GAMBLER'S LAST HAND;

Or, THE LITTLE GIANT WINS OUT.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE CIPHER PERSONAL.

"Nick, did you read the *Courier* this morning?"

"No," replied the detective, "to tell you the truth, I did not. As a rule I glance over it while I am at the breakfast table, but as I had intended having a quiet day in my study, I deferred the pleasure until later—and then, inspector, you telephoned for me."

Inspector Lawton rose from his chair and crossed the office to the table, returning a moment later with a copy of the *Courier* in his hand.

They were closeted together in the private office of the inspector, at police headquarters, in Center Street, New York.

"Read that," said the inspector, indicating with his finger one of the paragraphs that was included in the personal column.

The "personal" was as follows:

"NICK CARTER—3 times 3—Tenth and after—Polar bears—Add one to five, three times—Beer and pretzels."

The detective studied over the strange communication for several moments and then put the paper down on the desk in front of him.

"What do you make of it?" asked the inspector.

"Nothing—as yet."

"It is addressed to you."

"So it seems."

"Then it was intended that you should see it."

"Evidently."

"And you do not understand it?"

"No; not yet."

"Well, what do you make of it?"

"Nothing, I tell you—as yet. Suppose you tell me first, why the discovery of that personal induced you to telephone for me to come here."

"Simply the reference to beer and pretzels."

"Then something has happened to our German friend, Hans?"

"Merely that he has escaped again."

"I see. For so big a man, Hans Pretzel is rather a slippery article, isn't he?"

"Nick, he beats anything I ever saw."

"Granted that much; still, what do you make of the advertisement?"

"Merely that Pretzel is up to more of his mischief, and that he is responsible for this personal, whatever it may happen to mean."

"Oh, yes. That goes, almost without saying. When did he escape? I had not heard of it."

"Nor I—until I saw that thing in the paper this morning."

"Indeed!"

"I telephoned over to the hospital the moment I read the personal. He was gone already."

"How did he get away this time?"

"Just walked out and took the nurse with him. Bribery this time."

"When did he get out?"

"Some time in the night—nobody seemed to be able to determine just when."

"Then the personal was put in for him; he did not do it himself?"

"Certainly not."

"But he must have been dead sure that he was going to get out, or he would not have had the advertisement put in the paper."

"Sure."

"Well, I know our friend, Hans, of old—that is, I know a good deal about him, and so do you."

"More than I care to. Why?"

"I think I can read this little message of his without any trouble."

"Good. Let's hear what you make of it."

"Three times three are thirty-three, eh?" said Nick, smiling.

"Correct," replied the inspector gravely. "At least, that was the correct answer when I went to school. What of it, Nick?"

"Well, suppose we call that Thirty-third Street?"

"Thirty-third Street it is; go on."

"If that hypothesis is true, quite naturally it would follow that the next reference would be to a section or locality on that street."

"Granted; what then?"

"In that case—mind, I am not saying that this reading is correct, but I am simply following out this supposition."

"I understand," said the inspector.

"In that case," went on Nick, "the expression 'tenth and after' would refer to the avenue, and would mean beyond Tenth Avenue."

"Good!" exclaimed the inspector. "And by the same token, 'Polar bears' would refer to the north side of the street, eh?"

"Sure."

"Then we have—let us see—the north side of Thirty-third Street, beyond Tenth Avenue."

"We have."

"What do you make of the next sentence?"

"Well, if you should add one to five, three times, you would get eighteen, wouldn't you?"

"Nick, you are a great mathematician, there is no doubt about it."

"Thanks," said the detective dryly.

"Well, Nick, what then?" asked Lawton.

"There is no number eighteen on that side of the city," said Nick.

"No; but there might be a six hundred and eighteen," replied the inspector.

"There might be, yes. But if there were it would not be correct."

"Why not?" questioned Lawton.

"Because six hundred and eighteen is an even number, and the even numbers are not on the north side of the streets in this city."

"Correct again. Then, what do you make of it?" asked the inspector, laughing.

"Nothing—unless it should happen to be the eighteenth door from the corner."

"Well, suppose it does? Is the thing an invitation for you to go, at some time not mentioned, to the eighteenth house west of Tenth Avenue on the north side of Thirty-third Street, to meet Hans Pretzel?" and the inspector leaned back in his chair and laughed, as if he considered the situation a most humorous one.

Nick took a cigar from his pocket, and slowly lighted it; then, with quiet emphasis, he said deliberately, and in a manner peculiarly his own:

"It strikes me, George, that it means just about that very thing."

The inspector straightened up in his chair, serious in an instant, and after regarding his companion in silence for a moment, said:

"I see your point, old fellow, and I shouldn't wonder if that is about the size of it."

"You agree with me, then, that the advertisement is addressed to me, after all?"

"Yes; so it seems."

"And that we shall discover some evidence that Hans has been there before us?"

"Why, yes. All the same, tell me exactly how you read the entire message, will you?"

"This way: Hans Pretzel was not very seriously wounded in that fight on board the steamship,* as we know He pretended to be a great deal worse than he really was, and so managed to get himself into the hospital instead of the jail.

"In the hospital he has managed to bribe one of the nurses to assist in his escape, and they planned to do the thing at a certain hour last night."

"All that we must take for granted."

"No, I think not," said the the detective.

There was a long pause. A reminiscent look came into Nick Carter's eyes, and, leaning back in his chair, he said:

"Hans Pretzel was one of the men who swore away the life of my father, and, although my father was killed, as you remember, Hans had nothing to do with the actual crime. The fact that he was 'out of it,' so to speak, made him angry, and he swore that he would take it out in doing away with us.

"Well, for some reason he never had a chance to carry out that idea. He has been out of the country for many years, and I understood that he was dead."

"He was in a German prison," said the inspector laconically.

"Wherever he was, he is back here now, and he has lost no time in identifying himself with his past. One part of his past is to put me out of existence. Now, I don't suppose that there is a criminal on the face of the earth who knows me quite as well as Hans Pretzel does, although practically he has not seen me for many years, since I was a boy, in fact."

"What has all that got to do with your reading of this personal?"

"Simply this: Hans is the craftiest crook on earth. He is a good plotter and planner, and he loves to plot and plan almost as well as he likes to steal, or make counterfeit money—or gamble, for that is his favorite pastime. Hans also likes his little joke."

"Well?"

"He has fixed this so he can have his little plot and plan, and also his little joke, and the whole thing is told here, in this personal."

"I'm waiting, Nick, and this is getting to be rather a long story."

"Hans arranged a little surprise for me, and he addressed it openly to me, with my name in caps, so that there could be no mistake."

"But if you did not understand his confounded cipher, how in the world did he expect you to be able to read it?"

"Perhaps I did not make myself clear, George. You will remember that I said I did not understand the meaning of the personal, *as yet*."

"Well?" questioned Lawton.

"I have just said that there is not a crook in the world who understands me as well as Hans. He knows that

*See NICK CARTER STORIES, Nos. 54 and 58.

I enjoy working out a cipher, almost as much as he enjoys faro, roulette, or poker, so he arranged a simple little cipher which he knew I would experience no difficulty in unraveling."

"Isn't that rather far-fetched?"

"No; not in the case of Hans. You see, I understand him."

"Well?"

"Hans has put himself in my place when he fixed that personal. He has said to himself: 'Carter will understand at once that I intend for him to go to this place—and he'll go!'"

"Which you will do, of course. Which we will do together."

"Which we will do together. You see, if he had printed the advertisement so that it said that if Nick Carter would be at a certain place at a certain time, he would hear of something to his advantage, he would know mighty well that I would pay very little attention to it, but fixing it in this way, he relies upon my curiosity, upon my knowledge of his own character, and upon the hope that I will discover something that will lead to his recapture, to induce me to accept his invitation, and visit the Thirty-third Street address."

"Do you mean that he intends by this foolishness to lure you into a trap?"

"Not at all. There will be no trap there."

"Then what will be there, according to your ideas?"

"Only some sort of a surprise for me, arranged by the gifted Hans."

"What, for instance?"

"Some sort of defiance, doubtless. Men like Hans are fond of issuing defis."

"Sure."

"Well, we'll find something of that sort at the place he has designated, and I would like to make a pure guess as to what it will be."

"Go ahead; guess away."

"Mind you, it is only a guess, based upon nothing but my knowledge that Hans delights in perpetrating grim jokes."

"I understand. This is not theory. It is only a guess. Now, what is it?"

"This: He has bribed a hospital nurse to assist him in escaping. He has doubtless made extravagant promises which he never had any idea of fulfilling, and so the nurse would, of course, be terribly in the way, once Hans gets his freedom."

"Sure."

"Then, in that case, it strikes me that it would be very much in the nature of one of the little jokes which Hans loves to play, if he should have arranged so that we will find the dead body of the nurse who helped him to escape, waiting for us."

"Humph!" muttered the inspector. "Rather a gruesome guess, Nick," said Inspector Lawton grimly.

"And only a guess, remember. I may be wrong, but my thorough knowledge of the character of Hans Pretzel suggests it."

"Shall we go and see if you are right?"

"Yes; let's go at once."

"Shall we take anybody with us?"

"No. If you have no objections, we will go alone," replied the detective.

CHAPTER II.

THE MURDER AT THE CARD TABLE.

"Do you mind going around by way of my house?" asked Nick, as they entered the detective's automobile, which was waiting in front of police headquarters.

"Not at all. It is almost on our way. Are you going to put on a disguise?"

"Oh, no. I won't be in the house a minute."

And he was not; but while he was there he called Chick to him, and this is what he said:

"Chick, I want you to take Patsy and Pommery, and for the rest of the day cover Thirty-third Street, from Ninth Avenue to the river. Cover the ground thoroughly, and let me know everything that takes place in the street.

"Report back here at dinner time, but don't shadow anybody unless it happens to be old Hans Pretzel. If you see him, hang on to him."

When Nick, accompanied by the inspector, left their automobile at the corner of Tenth Avenue, and started down Thirty-third Street, in the direction of the river, they were not long in arriving before the entrance to the eighteenth house—and there was a surprise awaiting them there.

A boy was standing in front of the building, and he watched them curiously when they came to a halt in front of the house; finally he stepped forward, and said tentatively:

"Is either one of you named Nick Carter?"

"Yes," replied Nick. "What is it, sonny?"

"Well, here is a letter for you; that's all."

He extended a sealed envelope toward the detective, and turning at the same instant, would have darted away had not the heavy hand of the inspector fallen upon his shoulder and detained him.

"Who gave you the letter for me?" asked Nick.

"A man."

"What sort of a man?"

"A big fat man."

"When did he give it to you?"

"This morning early. I've been standing here ever since, waiting for you. It seemed like all day to me."

"How did you know that I was the person to whom you were to deliver the letter?"

"Because you are the only one who has stopped and looked at that door, as if you wanted to go in. The fat man told me that I might have to wait all day, and he gave me two dollars to do it, and he told me that if I didn't wait and give you the letter when you came he would kill me."

"Was there anybody with the fat man when he gave you the letter?"

"No, sir."

"All right. You can go."

The boy turned away and was soon out of sight, and then Nick opened the letter.

It was written in German, with German characters, and translated, was as follows:

"MR. CARTER: I greet you with profound respect, for you are the marvel of the age; at least, if you are not, you think you are, and that amounts to the same thing. If everybody in the world thought you were as smart as you think you are—*ach!*—would it not be most fine?

"Of course, this house is not the house to which I intended you to go, but the real one is not far away, and

you will have no trouble in finding it. It would not do, you know, to carry out my plans quite as publicly as would be necessary if I made use of this house—so if you will go farther down the street you will find an alley between two buildings, and, if you go through that alley, you will find three houses in the rear, and if you go into the house that is in the middle of the three, you will enter the one I wish you to examine.

"You will have to break open the door or pick the lock, for there is nobody there to answer the bell. I will say no more."

There was no signature. The note ended abruptly.

Nick raised his eyes to the inspector and smiled.

"That is characteristic of the man," he said, "to send us to one place and then direct us to another. It is not unlikely that there will be a third one before we are through with the adventure. However, come ahead!" and with this remark Nick Carter and the police inspector started down the street.

It was not far to the alley, and, passing through it, they discovered the three houses in the rear, as the letter indicated.

The door of the middle house was closed and locked, but it was the work of but a moment for the detective to effect an entrance, and, followed by the inspector, he stepped into the hall and quickly closed and locked the door behind him.

"Better have an eye out, Nick," suggested the inspector. "This may be an ambush, you know."

"Yes. It might be one, but I don't think it is."

The house consisted of only two stories, and they soon examined the bare rooms of the lower floor, finding nothing of note.

Then they ascended to the second floor, and almost as soon as Nick and the inspector went inside the front room, they discovered the correctness of Nick Carter's guess.

There was a square deal table and four chairs in the middle of the room, and upon the table was a litter of cards and pile after pile of poker chips. There was no other furniture in the room.

Of the chairs, three were empty—the fourth one was occupied.

The dead body of a man was seated in the chair, facing the window, so that the sunlight streamed in upon him. One of his hands rested upon the table in front of him, and the stiffened fingers still held firmly in their grasp five of the playing cards. A glance at them revealed the fact that they were the four aces of the pack, and one other card—the two-spot of spades.

Opposite the dead man, face up on the table, was another poker hand—the nine, ten, jack, queen, and king of diamonds; a straight flush; almost a royal.

There were no chips in front of the dead man, but across the table were almost all of them—and in the middle of the table, resting upon the cards and some of the chips, was a sheet of white paper, upon which was written in the same hand that had penned the note delivered by the boy:

"It was his last hand. He staked his life—and he lost."

The dead man had been shot through the heart, and the body had been afterward tied in the chair so that it would remain in an upright position.

Nick Carter and the inspector took in every detail of the room and its accompaniments, and then, at the same instant, turned their eyes toward each other.

"You made a good guess, Nick," said the inspector.

"Partly right, and partly wrong," commented the detective. "This dead man was never a nurse."

"No. That is evident. But he is a dead man, all right, and Hans has had his joke."

"Yes. And he meant us to find this body here—and, then, if we could, to discover the identity of the man he has killed. I think we will find that rather a difficult matter."

"Oh, I don't know. He looks as if he might readily be identified."

"I doubt it, George. It wouldn't be like Hans to leave anybody here who wouldn't puzzle us like sixty. Would you mind telephoning for the coroner, while I take a little look around? As soon as the coroner comes, we'll put this chap on the table and see if we can find anything on him by which he can be identified."

The inspector went out to send the telephone message, and during the twenty minutes he was absent Nick busied himself in collecting every detail and scrap of evidence he could find without actually disturbing the body; and when the inspector returned, the detective was standing by the window, drumming against the panes with the tips of his fingers.

"Find anything?" asked the inspector.

"Not much. The man is a Westerner, I think. I haven't touched his pockets, of course."

"Why do you think he is from the West?" asked the inspector.

"His general appearance more than anything else, and—his hat. It is on the floor in the back room. It fits his head, and is doubtless the one he wore. It was bought in Kansas City. He had not been long off the train when he came to this house to be killed."

"No? Why?"

"There is a cinder in the corner of one of his eyes. There are several cinders fastened to his hat, and one or two burned in his coat. His neck and ears indicate that he had been traveling since he had a chance to wash up thoroughly, and he is a man who would not have neglected that duty very long unless something important had happened to prevent it. The coat and vest he is wearing are not the ones he wore when he entered this house."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, they are of very poor material, very much worn, and they are dirty. This man was a clean man, naturally, as you will see if you will take the trouble to look at his hands, and at his linen. His collar and shirt are soiled, to be sure, but they are of fine texture, and in the latest style. His trousers are new and of rich material. So are his shoes. So was his coat and his vest.

"In fact," concluded the detective, "they were too good to leave behind, and I shouldn't be surprised if we found somebody wearing that coat sometime."

The murdered man was not more than thirty-five years old. He was tall, well built, and handsome, for his features were regular, almost to the point of being classic.

A heavy, brown mustache bore evidence of much care and training, and its owner had without doubt been a man who paid a great deal of attention and care to his personal appearance.

In stature, he would doubtless have measured quite six feet, and he was broad in proportion, so that unquestionably he had been a man of unusual vigor.

"You see," said Nick, "he wore a diamond stud in his shirt front, and it was taken out after he was killed. There has also been a ring on the third finger of his left hand that was removed after his death. And I'll tell you another thing."

"What is it?"

"After he was shot, and trussed up in the chair to await our coming, he was untied, taken down, his coat and vest were removed, and these that he wears now were substituted, and then he was put back in the chair and tied up again."

"You think so?"

"No. I know it."

"How?"

"In the first place, Hans is much too smart to permit one of his men to take the coat and vest that the murdered man had worn. It would be a give-away, and Hans would know it—all of which proves that Hans had, at least, one accomplice, and probably two, here with him. One of the accomplices returned after the others had gone, and helped himself to the clothing he wanted. If you will look at these strings, you will see that they have been untied and then tied again."

The inspector nodded.

"The point I am making," went on Nick, "is this: The coat and vest that matches those trousers have gone out of this room in the custody of one of the men who were here when the crime was committed, and Hans does not suspect it."

"Ah! I see."

"Exactly. Hans isn't such a fool as to carry away part of a clew and leave the rest of it behind him. If he had wanted the coat and vest, he would have taken the trousers, also."

"I guess that is so; but, I say, Nick, there is one point where your guessing, before we came here, and the facts as we have found them to exist since we came, do not dovetail."

"What is it?"

"Well, your guessing at what we would find, covered the ground that there would be a murder, and also that Hans had planned the crime ahead, so he could have a surprise ready for you."

"True. Well?"

"Now you say that this man had not been long off a train when he came to this house and was killed."

"Exactly."

"What I want to know is, how could Hans have prepared such a little 'joke' for us as you say this one is? How could he have known ahead that this man was coming here to be robbed and murdered? How could he know that this man could be lured here?"

"Probably he did not know it, although I am very strongly of the opinion that this man and Hans were not strangers."

"Why?"

"Well, this man was a gambler. You have only to take a good look at his hands to feel assured of that; and you must remember that Hans, although really a crook, was always a gambler. He would forsake the best bank-breaking proposition on earth for a chance to win or lose a few hundreds at cards or at the wheel. Hans did not always follow the profession of a crook. When he got enough ahead by stealing, he would follow one of the games, or even open a faro bank of his own.

"I have heard my father say that, and the late Inspector Byrnes told me the same thing. So you see there may have been an appointment to meet this man, and he may have foreseen what would happen, after all. However, I do not think that."

"Well, what is your idea of the murder?"

"I haven't any yet. Here is the coroner driving up in his car, now. Wait until he gives us his official approval, and we will go ahead together on the investigation."

"What do you expect to find?"

"Very little that will be of assistance—that is, very little more than I have already discovered. The point is, that one of Hans' accomplices has the coat and vest—and I think the ring, for I believe that was forgotten until he returned—and Hans does not know it. I only hope it is not the nurse who has them."

"The nurse!"

"Yes."

"You think, then, that the nurse who helped him to escape was here?"

"I'm sure of it. I think, moreover, that Hans intended to leave him here."

"Intended to leave him here?"

"Yes. Dead. Like this poor devil. Have you forgotten my guess?"

"No."

"That is why I hope it was not the nurse who returned and helped himself to the ring and the other things, for, if it was, we will not find much to assist us in that part of the thing."

"Why not?"

"Simply because if that nurse is not dead by this time, he will be a dead one before we are twenty-four hours older.

"Hans promised that nurse too much to keep him alive; and, besides, the fellow was here and saw this crime committed, and Hans doesn't like people around him who know too much. One of his maxims is that dead men tell no tales. Now, let's give the coroner a show."

CHAPTER III.

THE BLOODSTAINS ON THE DOOR.

A more thorough examination of the body under the supervision of the coroner accomplished nothing new, and resulted in no additional testimony being discovered. The pockets of the clothing had been rifled of everything, and that particular pocket upon which a tailor usually inscribes his name and address was missing altogether. It had been cut out and probably destroyed.

Summed up in official words, the description of the event was about this:

Murdered: Man of thirty-five years. Six feet and three-quarters of an inch in height. Brown, curling hair. Brown mustache. White, even teeth. Broad, open brow. High forehead. Blue eyes. Jewelry, watch and chain, stud and ring, missing. Collar, cuffs, and tie. Shirt, new, no laundry marking. Trousers, English worsted, dark-brown with delicate white, wide check. Coat and vest, black, worn, and of poor material. Brown derby hat with stamp of A. H. Coon, Kansas City.

That was all. But, no; it was not quite all. There was one more point yet to be discovered.

When arrangements had been made for having the body removed to the morgue, Nick started alone on a tour of inspection through the house.

The coroner and the inspector were talking together when the detective quietly withdrew, and, passing again through the back room, he went on down the stairs to the first floor and then to the stairway which led to the cellar.

The latch on the cellar door was of the old-fashioned kind—the kind that you raise with one finger, and press with the thumb from the other side.

As he was about to touch it, he drew back his hand and looked closer at it, and then pursed his mouth as if to utter a low whistle, but no sound came forth.

"Blood!" he murmured. "Blood on the latch and on the door near the latch. The chap who touched that last had blood on his first finger. I wonder if there is something more to be found downstairs?"

He opened the cellar door, and then perceiving that the place was as dark as Styx, he drew his electric flash light from his pocket and went cautiously forward.

The stairs were old and rickety, and moldy with damp, and the cellar, as he descended, reeked with offensive odors, as if it had long been the garbage depository for the house.

But the detective had not reached the bottom of the stairs ere he came to a halt, and, throwing his light forward and directly upon the spot at the foot of the steps, discovered exactly what he had expected to find in the room above when he first entered it.

Huddled in a heap, as if he had been thrown there from the top of the stairs, was the body of a man, and even by the light that was given by the small lantern, Nick saw that this second corpse which the house had supplied wore the coat that matched the trousers worn by the gambler who was dead in the room on the second floor.

"My guess was quite correct, after all," was the mental comment of the detective as he leaned over the body and gave it a quick, although a thorough, inspection. "It was the nurse who returned to get the coat of the gambler, and Hans caught him at it."

This second man had also been shot, and the bullet had struck him in the forehead, almost between the eyes.

"Hans missed him, and suspected what he was doing," mused Nick. "He came back to find out, and met him in the hall overhead. He shot him, and then dragged him to the cellar door and threw him down here, closed the door, went upstairs, probably to find if everything was all right there, and then—skipped.

"Now, if I am right about that, this man ought to have in his possession the ring he took from the gambler's hand. Would he put it on his finger? No; because he would be afraid to let Hans see it. Where would he put it? Oh, I know. In one of the pockets of the vest, of course; for then he could say that he found it there after he took the clothes of the murdered man.

"Of course, Hans did not stop to see what the nurse might have on him, for he did not care."

While Nick was talking he was running his fingers rapidly along the vest pockets of the body before him, and, after a moment's search, he found the ring.

It was a solitaire diamond, not of great value, but, nevertheless, a sparkler.

Returning it to the pocket where he found it, Nick turned and ascended the stairs.

The inspector and the coroner were in the act of descending from the second floor, and Nick met them in the hall.

"Inspector," he said, "I have found the nurse."

"The nurse? What, Nick, another body?"

"Yes. That of the nurse. Coroner, your work isn't through yet. There is a second body at the foot of the cellar stairs.

"Here, I will loan you my flash light if you want to take a look at it before you have the men bring it up here. It isn't a pleasant place, down in that cellar."

"B-r-r-rr!" said the coroner. "I should say that the house is not a very pleasant place itself. While I am here, Mr. Carter, don't you think it would be a good idea to take another look around? You might find a corpse or two more."

"There is just one other that I would like to find here," said Nick grimly.

"Hans Pretzel's?" asked the inspector, smiling.

"Yes. I think I could look upon it with pronounced complacency," replied Nick. Then he turned again to the coroner.

"How long will it take you to pass upon that body, sir?" he asked.

"Just about two minutes, I think," replied the coroner. "You seem to have examined it quite thoroughly in that time."

"Yes. If you don't mind, the inspector and I will be getting along. I only wanted to say that there is a diamond ring of some value in one of the vest pockets, and I have no doubt there is considerable money on his person.

"We already know who killed both these men," continued the detective, "although we have no proof that would satisfy your end of the story, but, if you will get all your facts together and put off your inquest for about a week, I think I can promise you the evidence you will want. Inspector, are you ready?"

"Why, yes; I guess so. What's your hurry?"

"Nothing. The house smells bad, that's all."

"Come along, then."

They were soon in the street, and hurrying side by side toward the Thirty-fourth Street elevated station.

"What started you out so suddenly, Nick?" asked the inspector.

"That money," replied Nick.

"What money? What do you mean?"

"The money that I happened to remember would more than likely be in the nurse's pocket."

"I haven't caught on yet."

"Well, Hans shot the nurse in the lower hall of the house. He evidently did not have any time to spare when he did it, either, for he chucked the body down the cellar stairs in very short order. I thought at first that he probably went upstairs to see that all was right up there, but I have changed my mind. I think he had reasons for wanting to get out of the house as soon as possible after he shot the nurse."

"Well, what of that? What has that to do with money?"

"The nurse had a wad of it in his pockets; you can bank on that."

"And, if he did?"

"Hans won't want to let it escape, will he?"

"I suppose not; but how is he going to help it?"

"He isn't going to help it; he's only going to try to help it."

"Come again, Nick. I'm still groping."

"Well, I've got Chick and Patsy out here somewhere, with their eyes peeled for things generally. It stands to reason that Hans has got somebody out there, too, with his—or their—eyes peeled. It may be that Hans himself has his eyes glued to a window, or a peephole somewhere in the neighborhood, watching everything that takes place.

"If that is so, he will see us—you and me—go away; and if he does see us leave, he will find out if we have actually gone. When he is satisfied that we have, you can take my word for it, he will not be half as careful as he would be if we were still in the neighborhood."

"I guess that's true, all right."

"Well, that's why I am in a hurry. Chick is doing the rubbering for me somewhere, see? Hans don't know that."

"And do you think that, notwithstanding that the coroner and two officers are in that house, that Hans will dare to make an effort to get at that money?"

"My dear inspector," replied Nick slowly, and smiling enigmatically upon his companion, "nobody has ever yet become wise enough in our profession to prognosticate what a crook, who is stuck on his own smartness, may elect to do next. I would rather take my chances of catching a dozen smart crooks who know that they are smart—like Hans—than just one who is not only dull and stupid, but who knows it. Egotism has ruined more men, straight and crooked, than any other one infirmity of the human mind. Do you remember, George, one of your old chief's favorite maxims?"

"Inspector Byrnes?"

"Yes."

"I remember a good many of them, but I don't know to which one you refer now."

"He used to say that there was one spot in the city of New York, six feet square, upon which, sooner or later, every crook who had ever committed a crime within the limits of the city would place his feet, and that if an officer chose to stand there and wait, if he waited long enough, he would inevitably nab his man. Do you remember?"

"Do I? I should say so! I have seen that statement proved a good many times."*

"Well, did he ever tell you what it was, in his opinion, that brought the evildoer back to that particular six-foot-square spot?"

"I don't know that he did. I suppose he returns for the same reason that the cat came back, eh?"

"Not at all. The cat came back because he knew where the sunny places for dozing were located, but the crook comes back because he wants to be patted on the back and told how great he is, by somebody who knows him, and, therefore, dares to lie to him. Egotism loves to be where it can strut; and egotism cannot strut before strangers."

"I guess that's right."

"Now, Hans could probably have slipped out and got entirely away. Doubtless, too, he might have made a good living elsewhere than here; but Hans wanted to strut, and he wanted to do it in your presence and mine. There is no fool like an old fool, you know, and I think that saying applies to more conditions than the one to which it is oftenest applied."

"What will be your first move now, Nick?"

"I'm going to fool Hans. We've got to find out the identity of the dead gambler, and Hans is the only source of information, and so I'm going to adopt one of my old-time methods to-night, and see if I can't call Hans' little bluff."

CHAPTER IV.

A COSTUME PART.

Chick and Patsy came in together at dinner time that night, and the former at once sought his chief to make a report of what had occurred.

"Well?" said Nick, looking up from his writing, when his assistant entered.

"Nothing doing; that is, nothing much," replied Chick.

"But something, eh?" smiled the detective.

"The only watcher around the place at all was a young dago, and he wasn't doing anything but watching," said Chick.

"Well?"

"I sent Pommery back here with Patsy, and Patsy made the kid up to fool the dago. You know he talks the lingo as well as any of them."

"Yes. Well?"

"Give you my word, the kid would have fooled me if I hadn't known him. He makes the best little dago I ever saw. I put him onto the kid who was doing the watching and told him to stick until he discovered something, if it took all summer."

"Good! Didn't anybody try to enter the house after the inspector and I came away?"

"No. Hans did not make a move."

"Very well. It is just as well, I think. Now, Chick, I've got some directions for you."

"I'm ready."

"Since Bob Kelly was killed, three weeks ago, Kelly's widow has been running the place down on the West Side. Now, as you know, the man who killed Kelly was Swipes, and Swipes was Hans Pretzel's nephew, so it is safe to say that Hans will not be over and above welcome in Kelly's back room; but, Chick, for that very reason, he will go there."

"For another reason, too, I think, Nick."

"What?"

"Because he will figure that Kelly's back room will be the last place where you would be apt to look for him, since the fight on the steamship."*

"Sure. You see, Chick, Hans has got a lot of friends among the gang that hangs out at Kelly's, and, also, there are a good many among them who have an idea that Hans is responsible for the death of Kelly.

"Now, Hans never saw the day that he knew what it was to be afraid of anything, living or dead, so it is the natural thing for him to do to go there. He will, as you say, think that I will not look for him there, and also he wants to show his bravado among them.

"Further, and more than all else, he will want to know

*The late Inspector Byrnes once made such a statement to the author, and fixed the spot "six feet square," directly in front of the Broadway entrance to the Astor House. "If you stand there long enough," said he, "you will meet the whole world."

*See preceding issue of NICK CARTER STORIES.

definitely who are his friends to whom he can tie, and who are his enemies, who will betray him at the first opportunity; so it's dollars to doughnuts that Hans will be in Kelly's back room to-night—or, if not to-night, that he will show up there before long."

"I see. I agree with you."

"You and I must both be there, Chick; but we must not be together; and it will be ticklish business for both of us, for every mother's son of them will be on the lookout for one or both of us."

"And they'll spot every stranger who goes into the place."

"Sure thing. But they will do more than that. If a stranger is found there, he will have to furnish his pedigree before he is permitted to leave."

"And if he cannot supply it to their satisfaction——"

"He'll go up the 'escape' if they can find a possible way to send him. Do you think you can play the game, Chick?"

"I can come pretty near it, I think."

"Good! Now, listen, Chick: It is up to you to get there, and you must do it in your own way. Moreover, we have got to work absolutely independently of each other in this business."

"How do you mean? Independently of each other?"

"I mean that I want you to do your work there exactly as if I did not exist; in other words, I want you to work as if you were working alone, and I was somewhere in Europe, or at the other side of the world. I will do the same as regards you."

"I understand. All right."

"If you can make yourself up so that I don't know you, all the better. I shall fix myself so that you won't know me, if I can. It is the only way in which either of us can hope to win out on this proposition, and one of us must. If we attempt to work together at any point of the game, while we are in Kelly's, it will be a case of U. P. with both of us."

"I'll be there," said Chick.

"I've only one suggestion to make," said Nick, after a short pause, "and that is, that it would not do any harm if you should take a run around to the morgue before you start, and take a look at the dead gambler. It may not do you any good to have had a look at him, and, again, it may serve you.

"I never saw the man before, and have no idea who he was. That is a query which Hans has got to answer."

When the detective had finished his dinner he repaired at once to his private study and began the preparations for the night's campaign, and, as his operations were somewhat startling in their character, considered in the light of what we already know, we will observe him as he proceeded.

First, he arranged a large square of drawing paper upon an easel under the light, and then, having provided himself with the necessary paraphernalia, he began the making of what appeared to be a portrait.

Nick Carter was skilled in the art of the cartoonist. He was by no means an artist in the sense that he could render a masterly drawing of any kind, but he could, with a few strokes of his pencil, reproduce a likeness of a face he had seen, and do it so perfectly and make it so lifelike, that any person who happened to be acquainted with the original would at once recognize it.

If you, my reader, had been permitted to stand behind him while he worked then, you would have been astounded by the likeness which rapidly appeared on the paper in front of him, for you would have recognized at once that it represented the features of the man who had been seated at the card table, holding the four aces in his dead hand, while he stared with unseeing eyes upon the exposed and winning hand of his opponent, who had fired the shot that had killed him, and then had fled.

The detective worked with great care over his drawing. Often he paused and stepped back two or three paces while he studied the effect of what he had produced, and then, with eraser and pencil, he made changes until he had formed the uncertain lines to his taste.

A full hour was occupied in the making of the picture, and, at last, it was completed to the detective's satisfaction.

"Now," said Nick, addressing the portrait, "I'm going to play the greatest game of bluff that I have ever undertaken; but, all the same, I'm going to try it on, and there is no reason why it shouldn't work to the queen's taste.

"You were considerably taller than I am," Nick went on, "and I don't even know your name, but names do not amount to much in the underworld, and that part of it will make no difference. Hans is the man I want to startle, and if I can scare him, or bluff him into making some admission, I'm all right."

Then the detective carefully arranged his make-up materials before the mirror, and began the final preparations for going out upon his dangerous undertaking.

He did not make use of a wig, for, as he remembered the color of the dead man's hair, it had been only a shade or two lighter than his own—but he made use of curling tongs and heat, and curled the ends of his hair so that it looked not at all like his own by the time he was through with it. Next he washed his face in a preparation of bismuth, chalk, and glycerin, which gave his complexion a sort of transparent pallor that can be produced in no other way, and which defies detection and will not come off until washed with soap and water.

After that he made some changes in the shape of his nose; darkened his brows and lashes only a trifle, and then, tuft by tuft, and bit by bit, he fastened to his upper lip a perfect copy of the heavy, drooping mustache worn by the dead gambler.

Next he searched through his wardrobe for a suit of clothing as near like the trousers of the dead man as he could find; then, on the third finger of his left hand, he placed a good-sized, solitaire diamond ring that was almost a copy of the one he had discovered in the pocket of the murdered nurse at the bottom of the cellar stairs in the Thirty-third Street house.

Then, with a heavy and showy gold chain stretching across his vest, and with a flashy tie and a huge scarfpin covering his shirt front, he felt that he was arrayed for the street, and dressed to suit the character he wished to assume.

It may seem entirely unnecessary to the reader that Nick should have gone to such trouble to assume the character of a man who was dead, when his purpose was to go directly into the presence of the dead man's murderer; but Nick Carter always had his own reason for doing things, and he rarely acted as another would do under the same circumstances. To this fact, more than to any other side issue of his career, was due many of his remarkable successes.

In the first place, he did not propose in the present in-

stance to attempt to assume the character of the murdered man at all. He merely intended to resemble him.

The dead man had been at least four inches taller than Nick, and that fact alone would have betrayed him, in the presence of any of the intimates of that person.

Again, the detective had no idea of the name of the dead gambler, and hence he could not have personated him, even if he so desired, among people who knew him.

But there were other considerations to be thought of.

The gambler had evidently arrived in the city of New York a short time before his death, and it was a fair supposition that he was something of a stranger in Gotham. That being the case, it was not likely that he had been at Kelly's place, nor was it likely that he would be known there—unless Hans should, indeed, be in the back room, in which case there would be only a startling resemblance to be accounted for—a circumstance which Nick devoutly wished to bring about.

Here, then, was the whole reason for his assumption of the character, so far as the appearance of the character went. Don't you see, Mr. Reader?

If Hans were there, and under cover, he would find a way to keep tabs on all who entered the place, without a particle of doubt.

If he were there, and if he did keep tabs upon each person who arrived, he would spot Nick the moment he entered, and the crook's curiosity would be so aroused that ultimately it would draw him out of his shell.

To sum the probabilities up in the detective's own fashion, would be thus:

"Hans knows that I went to the house where he left the dead gambler for my inspection. Hans knows that I can copy almost any face I wish to, and appear so like the original of that face as almost to defy detection. Therefore, when Hans sees somebody in Kelly's back room who looks exactly like the man he has so lately killed, he will jump instantly to the conclusion that that man is Nick Carter. That is point one.

"Next, he will reason, on second thought, that Nick Carter is not such a fool as to try a game like that one on old Hans Pretzel. That would be the very last thing in all the world that Nick Carter would attempt—and he will wonder more and more who the man can be who looks so much like his victim. That is point two.

"Next, he will get uneasy, and, without doubt, he will send somebody to talk to me and draw me out; or he will come out of his shell boldly himself, and begin the investigation on his own account; and that is what I want him to do. That is point three.

"Now, there are three points in favor of my assuming this disguise, and only one against it, which is that the suspicions of Hans will be aroused at the outset, and he will, therefore, be much more difficult to deal with than otherwise. But I don't think that, for the reason that his suspicions will be on the rampant, anyhow, and a mere likeness, more or less, will make no difference at all.

"Again, if I start in with all his suspicions centered upon me, and I succeed in relieving him of them, I will be thrice as favorably situated for the success of my plans as I would be if I had to thrust myself upon his notice instead of forcing him to thrust himself upon mine."

So we see now why he selected the disguise he did.

And now, for the benefit of the reader, we must digress just a little, and follow Chick to that rather gruesome building on East Twenty-third Street, the morgue.

The young detective did not wear a disguise when he went there, for there were yet several hours before he proposed to present himself at Kelly's; but, following out the suggestion made by his chief, he, of course, hastened to the morgue to view the body of the gambler.

And there he found a surprise in store for him.

It will be remembered by readers of the adventures of Nick Carter and his assistants, that Chick came originally from Nevada, and that he passed the early days of his boyhood on the back of a broncho, punching steers and cows, attending round-ups, and otherwise fulfilling the duties of a cowboy so far as his tender years would permit, at the time when Nick found him, as described in an early number of these stories, entitled "One Against Twenty-one."

Chick's memory for faces and places was almost as wonderful as his chief's, and the instant that he rested his glance upon the face of the dead man on the slab, he recognized it.

He was on the point of making known his identification to the attendant, when he thought better of it, and turned away, with a shake of his head, deciding that he would consult Nick about it before he made any move; so, instead of making known his discovery, he left the place and hurried homeward, hoping that he would catch Nick Carter before he started out for the night's work.

In that hope, however, he was disappointed, for Nick had gone, and so, after thinking deeply for a moment, Chick wrote the following note and left it in the detective's room, for him to discover and read when he should return.

"The dead man at the morgue is, or was, Guy Tompkins," he wrote. "He came originally from the State of Maine, and was known among us as Maine Guy. Finally he got to be called Maine, and I think that is the name he has traveled under for several years.

"I knew him well. He was a gambler, but brave and generous to a fault. I always liked him.

"When I was a kid, before you found me, he was one of my friends, and I think he would have shot, without question, anybody who dared to injure me. I have not heard of him since I left Nevada, and so have no idea how he came East, or how he happened to be in the company of Hans Pretzel.

"Maine had a brother who owned a bunch of cattle, and who never touched a card. The brothers rarely spoke to each other, but if any person uttered a word against either of them in the presence of the other one, there was sure to be trouble right away. The brother's name was William, and he stuck to the name of Tompkins. They looked alike, only Bill was much darker than Maine. I shall telegraph to Bill to-night before I go to Kelly's."

CHAPTER V.

HOW TO MAKE A HIT WITH A CROOK.

When Chick completed the note he placed it in a conspicuous place, where the detective could discover it the moment he entered the room, and then went at once to his own sanctum at the top of the house, where, for several moments, he stood in the center of the floor, lost in thought, and scratching his head in perplexity.

"I'll do it," he said aloud presently, speaking to his reflection in the mirror that faced him from the other side of the room. "I can do it, too; there is no doubt of that; and, besides, I am almost the exact height of Bill. Maine was a good deal taller, but Bill, as I remember him, was just about my present height."

The thing that he had decided to do, after so much perplexing thought, was to personate the brother of the man who was dead at the morgue—he intended to make up so like William Tompkins, of Nevada, that he could pass for him, if necessary.

The idea had several good points to recommend it.

Chick was thoroughly familiar with the country where William Tompkins lived, and he could talk Nevada, and the locality and people around that part of it where William Tompkins had his ranch and home, so that he could satisfy the most incredulous that he was not talking through his hat.

Again, if Hans had a personal acquaintance with the man he had killed, it was also more than likely that he might, at least, have heard of his Brother Bill—and, also, something about his appearance, in which case, owing to the resemblance, which Chick proposed to make as prominent as possible, it was more than likely that the big German crook would be attracted.

At all events, Chick could announce boldly that he was William Tompkins, and that he was looking for his Brother Guy.

Again, Chick could in this way post Nick, without appearing to do so, for it was safe to say that Nick would see through the resemblance at once, and he would know that Chick had a good motive for acting as he did.

Therefore, as soon as Chick said, "I'll do it," he began to do it.

He worked almost as rapidly and expertly as the detective himself, and in a surprisingly short time he had transformed himself into what was almost a counterpart of the disguise that Nick Carter had assumed.

The difference was that Chick used a wig that was much darker in hue than Nick's curled hair, as was also the drooping mustache, and that both hair and mustache were tinged somewhat with a sprinkling of gray. Also, instead of whitening his complexion as Nick had done, Chick darkened his until it was almost swarthy.

Having arranged himself with great care, and entirely to his satisfaction, he adopted a costume that had sufficient of the touches of Western life about it to identify him as from the woolly country, among a thousand; and then, with the addition of a broad-brimmed hat on his head, he sallied forth.

And so it will be seen that several surprises were being prepared for Hans Pretzel, if he should happen, as Nick had supposed, to be at Kelly's that night.

But there was still one other small incident connected with what was destined to take place, which must be referred to here.

It will be remembered that the boy, Pommery, Nick Carter's newest and youngest assistant, was also on the trail. He had been taken by Chick to Thirty-third Street, and from there had been put on the trail of a young Italian who had borne the appearance of being on the watch in the interest of Hans; and Pommery was also fixed up to represent an Italian boy.

And now we will return to Nick Carter himself.

When he started out from his own house, on Madison Avenue, it was not yet eight o'clock in the evening, and as there would be "nothing doing" at Kelly's before midnight, there were four hours before him in which to arrange his plans for getting into Kelly's back room in the right way.

Of course, there was nothing to keep him out of the room. Any prospective customer could enter if he wanted to, but by the time the aristocrats of Crookdom began to gather there, about the hour of midnight, strangers were usually made to feel quite plainly that they were not wanted, and they usually felt this so strongly that they left very quickly, too.

Nick's idea was to be taken there by somebody who was welcome, and so, when he left home, he crossed the city to Sixth Avenue and presently entered a famous gambling resort in the Tenderloin precinct.

In order to get into the place, he was obliged to send for the proprietor, for in these days of regeneration gambling houses in New York City, although in reality almost as plentiful as ever, are difficult to find and more difficult to enter unless the would-be patron is either known or vouched for.

Nick knew where the gambling houses were located, all right, but in his disguise he could not hope to be admitted, and so at the first one to which he applied he sent at once for the proprietor, whom he drew aside and to whom he explained, in a few words, his intentions.

"Look here, Blank," he said, to the proprietor, after he had told him who he really was, "I am not after anybody who is in your place, and I am not going to wait there for anybody to come in. I'll give you my word that you will never hear, through anything that happens while I am there, or after I have left, that I have been here at all. What I want to do is to pick up a crook or two and scrape acquaintance with them."

This was quite enough for the proprietor of the resort, and he lost no time in making Nick Carter welcome.

Inside the place, Nick saw that only a few customers had begun to play. There were half a dozen around the faro table, and there was a party of four playing poker at one end of the big room, but the roulette wheels were idle, as were also all but one faro table.

Nick strolled over there and looked on idly for a moment; and then, presently, he leaned forward, tossed a ten-dollar bill across the table toward the dealer, and said:

"The ace to win."

The dealer put a marker for ten dollars on the ace, dropped the bill in the drawer, and continued with the deal without raising his eyes, and, after two turns of the cards, the ace won.

"Leave it," said Nick, and he stood back from the table with his hands in his pockets until the ace won a second time.

"The forty goes for the third time," said Nick, lighting a cigar; and one of the players turned and looked at him, for Nick's play was an unusual one. It is all right to bet on the same card to win twice, but to bet that it will win three times hand running is not a general custom among faro players.

Nevertheless, in this case the ace did win the third time, so that now, for the original ten dollars which

Nick had placed on the card, there were eighty dollars to his credit.

Instantly, the ace having won three times in succession, almost everybody at the table coppered it for the fourth turn, for it is almost a superstition with faro players that if a card wins three times in succession it is sure to lose the fourth time—and vice versa.

But Nick did not copper it.

Instead of doing that, he drawled to the dealer in the most negligent and careless tone that he could assume:

"Time, please."

Then Nick took a roll of bills from his pocket and counted out eighty dollars, which he passed across the table.

"Leave the eighty and put this with it, that the ace wins out," he said coolly.

This time the players at the table all turned to see who it was who was betting so recklessly.

Nick felt that he had already accomplished his purpose, whether the card won or lost. He had desired only to create a sensation; nothing more; and gamblers, absorbed in their game, are difficult persons to influence.

In order to attract their attention at such a time, it is necessary to do something quite out of the customary thing. This Nick had already done.

Of course, if the ace should lose on the fourth turn, he was out just ninety dollars, but he would have accomplished the major part of his purpose in coming there, and it would be cheap at the price. If, on the other hand, the ace should win, he would have accomplished that same purpose in a most sensational way, and, besides that, he would take three hundred and twenty dollars from the board, two hundred and thirty of which would be velvet. He would be regarded as a man of phenomenal luck, and somebody would be sure to refer to it later.

The ace did win out, and as Nick drawled to the dealer, who was counting out chips to him, "Cash, please," one of the players left the table and crossed the room to the buffet, where he swallowed a large drink of whisky. Then he approached Nick.

"Excuse me, my friend," he said, "but if I had your luck, do you know what I'd do?"

"No. I haven't an idea," replied Nick.

"Well, I'd crowd it for all it is worth."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, instead of betting ten dollars, I'd bet a thousand. That's the way to play your luck. When the cards are with you——"

"I've been up against 'em before now," drawled Nick.

"Then maybe you don't need any teaching."

"No. I don't reckon I do—to-night."

"No offense, I hope."

"Certainly not."

"My luck has been as fierce as yours has been good," continued the stranger, whose face Nick recognized as being one of the many which decorate the gallery of fine arts at police headquarters, and who was known as Badger Braddock.

"It isn't the kind of a bank that is easiest to break," he added, squinting up at Nick with a curious leer in his eyes which might have meant that he was only attempting a joke, or that he was indulging in a tentative remark. Whatever it was that he intended, Nick paid no heed to the last part of his utterance, but responded to the first part of it.

"Perhaps you would like to borrow mine," he said.

"Borrow your—what?" asked Braddock.

"My luck."

"Bet your life I would! Unfortunately, it is something that you can't lend."

"Oh, yes, I can."

"Lend your luck?"

"Sure thing."

"Well, that's a new one on me. Would you mind telling me how you do it?"

"Not at all. It's dead easy."

"Well," said Braddock seriously, for he was impressed by the detective's manner, "all I've got to say is, that if you can lend me your luck, and will lend me your luck, I'll be glad to pay you a commission on it."

Nick laughed.

"That isn't necessary," he said, "because just now I happen to be flush. Besides, if you agree to pay a commission, it would spoil the luck."

"I say, my friend," said Braddock, with a frown settling on his face, "are you joshing me?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, I'm not good-natured when luck is against me, and I don't like to be joshed."

"I'm not joshing you. Shall I prove it?"

"Yes, if you can."

"Will you take my luck if I will lend it to you?"

"Watch me, and see."

Very slowly and calmly Nick took a handful of coins from his pocket and selected from among them a ten-dollar gold piece, which he passed to his companion.

Then, with the same deliberation, he removed his hat and placed it on Braddock's head.

"There you are," he said, smiling. "Put that ten-dollar gold piece in your pocket and keep that hat on your head, and if you have faith in what I have said, you will win."

"Do I buy chips with this ringer?"

"Certainly not. That is your mascot. Keep it in your pocket."

"Well, that's hard luck. I can't play."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm broke. I've lost eleven hundred since I came in here, and I haven't got a ten-spot left."

"Oh," said Nick, "that is easily remedied. Here is a twenty. Try that. I'll go across to the poker table and wait for you."

Braddock stuck out his hand and slapped Nick Carter on the shoulder.

"You're all right, my friend," he said. "Whether I win or lose, you shall have your money back before I sleep. You're a stranger, but you're my friend from this on, and—I'll make you a side bet of the thirty that I win back my eleven hundred inside of an hour."

"Done!" said Nick. "You're on."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SLICKEST PICKPOCKET IN THE WORLD.

Nick felt that he had accomplished what he wished. By first attracting attention to himself, and then by this exhibition of good-natured generosity, he knew that he had won a way into Kelly's back room without a struggle, if only he played the rest of his cards as expertly as he had already done.

He knew when he entered the gambling room that he would doubtless find one or more of the representatives of the underworld there, for it was one of their favorite resorts after a good haul had been made and they had money to lose, for your true crook never robs with the idea of getting rich; he only steals in order that he may have money to throw away in the enjoyment of every conceivable excess of emotion, and gambling is one of his favorite methods.

In Badger Braddock, the detective had recognized the very man of all others whom he would have selected, for while the nickname worn by the crook suggested that he was engaged in a character of work which was not exactly aristocratic, as viewed from the ethics of the world of graft, still the truth was that he had long since abandoned his original calling, and had become one of the most expert of burglars.

The name Badger had stuck to him just as a nickname given to a boy will often cling to him when his hair is gray with age.

The detective crossed to the poker table, but he did not take a part in the game. Instead, he took a seat by himself and waited for his new-found friend.

And, truth to tell, he had not long to wait.

Of course, his talk about luck had been all bosh; and yet there was significance in what he had said, for the mere assertiveness of what he had said was calculated to impart confidence to Braddock, and confidence is really the best kind of luck.

It made no difference to Nick whether Braddock won or lost now, for, either way, he had established an acquaintance with the man, and the acquaintance was all he desired.

Nevertheless, Braddock won.

Nick's prophecy had been a correct one.

On the principle he had enunciated to Nick when he advised him to crowd his luck for all it was worth, he had crowded his—and it had paid.

Half an hour had not elapsed from the time when Nick gave him the hat, the ten-dollar gold piece, and the twenty dollars with which to play, before he left the faro table and crossed the room to where Nick was seated, near the poker table.

"I'll give you five hundred dollars on the spot for this hat and the gold ringer," he said, by way of announcing that he had been successful.

Nick shook his head in a decided negative.

"Nit!" he said. "I couldn't part with 'em. Did you win out, neighbor?"

"Sure thing."

"All your losses?"

"The whole eleven hundred. I stopped as soon as I got that."

"Good! I congratulate you."

"That's all right. You did it; I didn't. Here's your ringer and your hat. It breaks my heart to give 'em up, I can tell you!"

Nick accepted both calmly, and slowly put the gold piece back in his pocket. Then from another pocket he took a roll of bills, and, extracting a ten from among them, extended it toward his companion.

"What's that for?" asked Braddock.

"Why," replied Nick, "you bet me thirty that you would win back your wad; you have twenty of mine yet, and here is the other ten."

"Do you think I'm going to take that ten-spot?"

"I know you are—if you want to keep my friendship. You won it. It is yours."

"All right. I see you mean it. I'll get square in some other way. What time is it?"

"Half past ten."

"What have you got on for to-night?"

"Nothing."

"Do you care to play any more?"

"No. Not another card."

"You are not a New Yorker, are you? Where are you from?"

"Kansas City—last."

"Traveling man?"

"Yes. I'm looking for a partner."

"In what line?"

"Any line where there is a chance. I'm a gambler."

"A gambler, eh?" said Braddock slowly, and fixing his eyes keenly upon the detective. "I am in something of the same line myself, only I don't always gamble with cards. I wonder if we couldn't get a little more 'next' to each other, if we should try?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Nick boldly, "if it so happens that you are out for the graft. That's my lay."

Braddock did not accept the announcement with enthusiasm. Like all his class, he was cautious; but he had taken a great fancy to his new-found friend, and he was disposed to be quite open with him. Still, like every crook who is forming a new acquaintance, his first feeling was one of suspicion. He wished to be convinced that he was not taking a leap in the dark.

Now, among the accomplishments which Nick's father had taught him when he was learning to be a detective, was the art of picking pockets.

Nick had once upon a time, at a dinner party at which he was the guest of the evening, made an announcement that in order to be successful as a detective it was necessary that the officer should be an expert in all the arts employed by the crooks, and, as a citation of what he meant, he stated that he regarded himself as the most expert pickpocket in the world, if he chose to exercise his genius in that line.

Just now, while he was talking with Braddock, that statement recurred to him, and he resolved then and there to convince his companion that he was not talking through his hat.

"Let's take another look at the faro table," he said. "We will stand and look on for a moment or two, and then we'll have a drink and go out somewhere. If I have done you a favor to-night, you can do one to me by showing me around the town a little, after a while."

They moved over toward the table, and in a moment more Braddock was watching the game with all the absorbed interest of a confirmed gambler who has promised himself that he will not play any more at that particular time, but whose whole soul is convulsed with eagerness, nevertheless.

This was exactly what Nick had counted upon, and he drew back a little and waited until he could see that Braddock's attention was entirely occupied in watching the turns of the cards.

There were almost a score of players around the table by this time, and many were standing so that Braddock, in order to observe each turn of the cards as they came

out of the box, was obliged to stand on tiptoe and crane his neck to a painful degree, in order to see.

The attention of everybody there was, of course, centered upon the table, and this was what Nick Carter most desired.

Crowding up close to Braddock, he worked swiftly and deftly, so that inside of ten minutes from the time when they approached the table, he had possessed himself of the eleven hundred dollars which Braddock had won back from the dealer, and in addition he had also taken his watch and chain.

As soon as he had the things in his possession, he stepped back from the table, slipped across the room to the buffet, wrote a note on a slip of paper, and gave it, with a dollar bill, to the negro attendant.

Then he pointed toward Braddock, whose back was still turned toward him, for the burglar was still absorbed in the game he was watching.

"You know that gentleman, don't you?" asked Nick, of the negro.

"What? Mr. Braddock? Sure I does."

"Well, here is a dollar for you, and here is a note which I want you to give to him exactly five minutes after I have left the room. Will you do it?"

"Certain, boss."

"All right. Wait just five minutes. Then give him the note," concluded Nick; and then he passed through the door, went down the stairs, and out upon the street.

The negro watched the clock after Nick had gone, and as soon as the five minutes were up, he crossed the room and handed the note to Braddock, who turned when he felt himself touched upon the arm, for he expected to discover his new-found friend still beside him, and simply wished to attract his attention.

In that, however, he was disappointed, for it was the negro attendant who stood beside him.

Braddock took the note in his hand and slowly unfolded it.

"There is a saloon on the east side of Sixth Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets. Will you meet me there as soon as you can get there after you read this letter? Your friend, the mascot; the man who loaned you his luck."

That was the note which Braddock read, and he instantly sought his watch to see what the time was—and as instantly discovered that his watch was no longer in his pocket.

Convinced that the timepiece was gone, he felt for his money, only to discover that that was also missing; and then he stared at the black attendant in utter amazement and chagrin.

"Been touched?" asked the darky, with a grin.

Now, there is nothing in the world which a crook so greatly dislikes to admit, as that he has been "done" at his own game; and so Braddock laughed somewhat dismally as he replied:

"Touched? No! When did my friend go out?"

"He's been gone six minutes."

"Six, eh? And he told you to wait five, and then give me this note, I suppose?"

"Yas, sir."

"All right. Get my hat. I'm going, too."

In another moment Braddock was on the street, and there he paused.

"I am about six different kinds of a jackass to take the trouble and time to go down to Eusner's place," he muttered aloud. "That's just a steer he gave me in order to have a little more fun at my expense, I suppose, but I'll be blowed if I don't go, anyhow. It may be that he meant it, after all."

When Braddock walked into the saloon that Nick had indicated in his note, the detective was leaning against the bar with his eyes fixed on the door, awaiting him; and Nick was laughing in evident enjoyment of the joke he had played on his new-found friend.

As Braddock stepped forward, not knowing whether to laugh or to frown—whether to take the whole thing as a joke or to resent the liberty that had been taken with him, Nick stuck out his right hand and said:

"Did you think that maybe I wouldn't be here? Did you think that maybe I'd taken your wad and your ticker and gone back to Kansas City? Nit! I only wanted to prove to you that we could be friends.

"You see," continued Nick, "when I told you that I was a stranger in the city, and said that I was looking for a partner, you didn't get very warm, and I saw that I would have to prove myself. Here is your dust, and here is your town clock, and here is my hand. Will you take all three?"

"Will I? Well, you just bet your sweet life I'll take 'em! You're all right, old man! Now, tell me, what is your mouchon?"

"Mascot."

"And the flipper?"

"Tom."

"All right, Mascot Tom. You're on. You're my friend. You touched me for fair, you did! I wouldn't have believed that any living man could have done that trick to me without my catching him at it. Shake! I'm called Badger Braddock among my friends—and among some people who wear blue coats and brass buttons, who aren't my friends."

"What!" exclaimed Nick, with well-feigned surprise. "Are you Badger Braddock?"

"That's what I am, old top."

"Well, that's great! I have heard all about you more than once. I say, Badger——"

"Well, what?"

"I wouldn't mind knowing some of the guns in this town, if you can manage to take me around to one of the hang-outs."

"That's just what I'm going to do. Ever hear of Kelly's back room?"

"Often. But I have also heard that Kelly is dead."

"Sure thing. But that don't make any difference in the room. Ever been there?"

"No."

"Well, that's where I'll take you, and if it happens to be an off night for work for some of the mobs, I'll introduce you to the best lot of grafters between the two oceans. Come on, we'll meander, Mascot Tom."

CHAPTER VII.

A MIX-UP AT KELLY'S.

The clock was on the stroke of midnight when Nick and Braddock walked into the back room at Kelly's, but already a goodly number of the tables were filled with fre-

quenters of the place, and the hum of conversation filled the air.

Braddock took the lead when they entered, and Nick had not progressed halfway across the room toward the table to which Braddock was leading him, when he discovered one person who was seated there who made him start and wonder.

The reader will know that it was Chick whom the detective discovered, but to Nick, this stranger, as he appeared to be at that distance, was somewhat of a startling proposition.

Having made up himself so lately to resemble as closely as possible the features of the man who was lying dead at the morgue, every lineament of them was, of course, impressed very clearly upon Nick's memory, and to find himself thus unexpectedly face to face with a man who was so startlingly like the one he had counterfeited, was surprising, to say the least.

There was the startling resemblance which Nick instantly recognized; but there was also the several points where there was no resemblance—and that very fact was the one which impressed Nick in the most puzzling manner, for it suggested to him at once that remembering that the counterpart of the man who, entirely unknown to the detective—possibly had a relative, perhaps a brother, in the city.

On the other hand, Chick was equally astonished.

Indeed, when he first discovered Nick, entering the room in the wake of Badger Braddock, he half rose to his feet, as if he was on the point of starting forward with a word of greeting for the newcomer; and then, remembering that the counterpart of the man who entered the room was at that very moment lying stretched upon a slab at the morgue, dead, he sank back again, for it rushed over him like a flash that this stranger was Nick Carter.

Thus, in one respect, and in the light of what was to follow, Chick, the assistant, had an advantage over his chief, in that he knew him instantly, while Nick did not recognize Chick.

Of course the width of the room was between them, and naturally, of course, Chick, in obedience to the orders he had received from his superior, made no sign of his identity.

But the resemblance between the two men struck more than one person in that room at the same time.

Braddock came to an abrupt halt when halfway to the table he was seeking, and, turning, he said, in a low tone, to Nick:

"There's a chap over there who might be your twin brother. Do you know him?"

"Can't say that I do," replied Nick. "Never saw him before."

And one of the men who was seated at the table with Chick turned to him and said:

"Get onto the gun coming in at the door. If he ain't a dead ringer for you I'll eat my hat! Who is he, my Western pard?"

"Search me," replied Chick.

"Can't you see that he looks like you?"

"Sure. But he looks a whole lot more like somebody else whom I could name."

"Who?"

"My brother."

"Is he your brother?"

"Nit! Maine is over six feet in his stockings. That feller would have to grow considerable before he could touch that mark."

"Who did you say?"

"Maine, my brother."

"The feller who is called Maine Guy?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"No; but I've heard of him. He was expected here last night, but he didn't show up. You don't mean to say that Maine Guy is your brother?"

"That's what I said."

"What's your name?"

"Tompkins. Bill, for short. What's yours?"

"The boys call me 'Nimble.' I guess that will do for the present, won't it?"

"Sure. I'm going to buy. What'll you have?"

"A little of the same. Do you know that gun who's with the new one?"

"No."

"That's Badger Braddock. He's the slickest article this side of the Pacific. The new one must be all right or he wouldn't be under Braddock's wing."

"Well," said Chick, "he doesn't interest me."

"I should think he would. If a guy walked into the place who looked so much like me as that feller looks like you, I'd interview him. There's more than me here that thinks the same as I do about it, too."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, if one of you don't approach the other before long, some of the boys will be for interviewing both of you at the same time. For two strangers to come into this place at one time is cause enough, but for two who looks as much alike as you do—it's sort of uncanny, you know."

Chick leaned forward over the table.

"There's your whisky, Nimble; drink it; after you've swallowed it, I've got something to say to you."

"Say on," said Nimble, swallowing the fiery liquor that had been placed before him.

"I don't like that last remark of yours. I'll ask you to explain."

"Rats! Explain nothing! What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'll tell you," said Chick, speaking very slowly and keeping his eyes fixed on his companion. "Out in the country where I come from if a man uses a remark like you have done about a companion who is drinking with him, there's likely to be trouble right away, unless he explains. That's why I have asked you to explain. I'm waiting."

"Oh, go to——"

Nimble got no farther than the word "to," when Chick's fist landed on his jaw, and he toppled over backward with a crash that aroused everybody in the place, and brought them to their feet with a jump.

Instantly the room was in an uproar.

More than a score of the regular frequenters having leaped to their feet, rushed forward toward the spot where the row occurred, and most of them were in time to see Nimble take another tumble on the floor, and this time he went down under a smashing blow that was sufficiently

forcible to put him to sleep, for he did not attempt to get upon his feet again; and it was at once evident why he had received the second blow, for, as he fell, a naked knife, which he had drawn after the first blow, fell from his hand and rattled to the floor.

A dozen hands seized upon Chick, but he offered no resistance, and in a moment he was thrust back against the wall, while a score of frowning men gathered around him with angry looks.

One among them, a low-browed, ugly-looking customer, stepped in front of the others, and, with a revolver in his hand ready for use, said gruffly:

"It's your time to talk, stranger, and you want to do it quick and straight, too."

"Put your gun in your pocket and I'll talk to you," said Chick. "Or, if you don't want to do that, send somebody else up to ask questions."

"Why did you hit Nimble?"

"Put up your gun and I'll tell you."

Instead of complying with Chick's request, the man raised the hammer of his weapon, so that the clicking of the lock sounded plainly across the room; but it had barely clicked the second time ere Chick's foot flew up and caught it squarely under the guard with such force that the weapon flew into the air and backward over the heads of the crowd, and was caught, while still in the air, by Badger Braddock, who, with Nick, had risen from the table and was moving toward the scene of the disturbance.

What might have followed the kicking of the pistol out of the ruffian's hand cannot be known, if it had not been for Chick's coolness and quickness.

The instant his toe came in contact with the revolver, he drew two others, one from each of the side pockets of his coat, and when the crowd would have rushed forward to attack him, every man paused when he discovered that he was looking into the muzzle of two huge revolvers of the type common on the ranges of the West.

"Just take it easy, you fellows, and I'll tell you all about it," said Chick coolly, "but I won't be bullyragged by any second-class guy like his nibs, here, with a gun in his hand. I hit Nimble because Nimble insinuated that I had lied to him. Now, what's all this kick about?"

Nimble, who was by this time on his feet again, was pushed forward into the center of the space in front of Chick, and Braddock, who had joined the group by this time, took the lead of affairs.

"What have you got to say about it, Nimble?" he asked.

"I was guying him," replied Nimble, nursing his jaw with one hand, and meanwhile glaring at Chick malevolently. "I didn't know he was going to be so touchy. We wigged the guy who moseyed in with you, who rings for him, and I said it looked fishy, and it was time for him to explain. He wanted me to crawl, I wouldn't, and he smashed me. That's all. I'll call it square if he'll get up on the platform there, and have it out with me."

"No. No fighting here to-night. I'll settle this affair, if you'll sit down for a minute."

They obeyed him, and he turned toward Chick again.

"Now, sir, who are you?" he asked.

"Bill Tompkins, of Nevada; who are you?" was the quick reply.

"I'm Badger Braddock, and since Kelly went up the escape, I'm leader here when anything is doing on the floor. It seems that your quarrel grew out of a likeness between you and my friend."

"That's about right. What of it?"

"I noticed the likeness, too."

"Did you? Well, there are others besides you, I reckon."

"Do you know my friend?"

"Can't say that I do. Does he know me?"

"I haven't asked him, but I will. Mascot, come here, will you?"

"Sure," replied Nick; and he crossed the room and took his place within the circle.

"Do you know this man?" asked Braddock.

"No. Never saw him before."

"He looks enough like you to be an own brother. You are about the same build, too. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Never."

"Does he look like anybody you ever saw before?"

"Well, he looks something like me, I expect, although you can't expect me to see that as plainly as you do. What's the difference if we do look alike?"

"Nothing, only it's odd. I want to satisfy the boys," and Braddock turned again toward Chick.

"Does my friend, Mascot Tom, look like anybody you ever heard or saw before?" he asked.

"Sure he does," replied Chick.

"Who?"

"Well, if he was about six inches taller he would look enough like my own brother to be him; but not being six feet one, he can't be him; see?"

"Who is the brother you speak of?" asked Braddock quietly. And then, before Chick could reply, he added: "You see, we are a little wary of strangers here. When they come, we make them as welcome as possible, but when they get up a row the first night, we get suspicious. We want your pedigree, Mr. Tompkins, and it will be a whole lot healthier for you if you give it easy and gentlemanly."

"Well," replied Chick, and Nick, who now, of course, knew who he was, smiled a little at the Nevada twang and drawl which the younger man introduced into his speech; "if you want my pedigree, I don't know any reason why you can't have it, and if there is any man here who can put me onto something that I want to know, and want to know mighty bad, I've got a thousand-dollar bill up at my hotel that he can have for his pains. How does that strike you?"

"Give us the pedigree first, and we'll tell you."

"I'm Bill Tompkins, from the Smoky Valley, in Nevada. I'm a ranchman and a cattleman. I have been a miner. Just now, I'm a gentleman of leisure. I've got a brother who is a crook. You needn't scowl, you fellows, for I reckon you know what a crook is as well as I do. I've got a brother who is a crook. His first name is Guy. He dropped the Tompkins long ago. We both came from the State of Maine, and he is known as Maine Guy. He is——"

Chick was interrupted by a murmur of surprise that went up from two or three who were listeners, and at the same moment the throng of men in front of him were thrust aside, and the burly figure of Hans Pretzel loomed before him, his face white with rage.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SURPRISE.

"Vot's dot? Vot is dot? Vot you vas sayin' already? Hey?" demanded Hans Pretzel, and he shook his huge fists in the air at nobody in particular, but at everybody generally.

Big Hans Pretzel had the face of a baby, and he reminded one of the mountain that refused to go to Mahomet, he was so big. But with all his bigness, he was as quick as a tiger cat, and as cruel. He weighed three hundred and eighty-five pounds, although he was no taller than Nick Carter; and yet he boasted that he could get over the ground faster than any slender man he had ever seen—and on more than one occasion he had made his boast of quickness good.

But Chick, of course, pretended that he had never seen nor heard of the big German before.

When Hans shook his fists in the air, Chick turned his eyes calmly toward Braddock, and, with a tantalizing grin on his face, asked:

"Have you got the rest of the specimens here, too? The living skeleton, Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy, the bearded woman, the rubber man, and all the others? You've got the fat man, all right."

There was a general chuckle of merriment through the crowd, many of whom had now subsided into chairs; and the words that Chick had used, instead of angering Hans, seemed to calm him, for his round, baby face broke into a smile, and he rubbed his hands together as if he were washing them.

To the other who knew him well, these symptoms were infallible signs of unending enmity on his part. He had controlled his temper—that is, all save that part of it which shone in the glitter of his little pig eyes which scintillated upon Chick and bored into him like the points of needles.

"Huh!" he grunted. "Wot a funny man, hey? Vot I wants to know iss, vot it vas you set about my friend, Maine Guy."

"Your friend?" demanded Chick.

"Dot's wot I set, ain't it?"

"Well, I never knew that he had Barnum's fat man for a friend."

"No? You didn't vas know dat? Vell, vell! Vot vas dot you set about him? Dot he vas your brudder? Vot?"

"That's what I said."

"Und vot vas dot other you said about a t'ousand plunks? Hey?"

"I was about to say that I would give the man who would find him for me a thousand dollars."

"Vot! A whole t'ousand?"

"That's what I said."

"I'll vin it."

"How?"

"Because I can find him for you."

"You win the thousand if you can do it."

"Vy! It vas as easy as livin' on a farm. Your brudder iss here."

"Nit, Fatty! You're away off."

"Vell," said Hans, turning so that he faced Nick and Braddock, "you haf all heard me ven I set dot Maine Guy vas mine friend. Und Maine iss here." He raised his finger and pointed it at Nick. "He iss dere—right dere. Dot is Maine Guy, his own self."

"Play the other horse, fatty," said Chick. "Go away back and take a nap. You're untidy. You've got creepers in your eyelids. There's a moon in your horizon, old man. You're a maverick."

Hans wheeled and faced Chick again. In the meanwhile Nick Carter was watching him narrowly. He knew Hans Pretzel's sagacity too well not to realize that the fat German had a definite object in view in pretending that he thought the detective to be a man whom he knew to be dead, and the detective wondered what his object was.

As yet he could get no idea at all of what it was; but he was on the alert, ready for anything that might happen, for he remembered that it was one of the habits of Hans to do things that were least expected of him, and to do them with a suddenness that was often surprising.

"Yah," said Hans to Chick. "I vas a maverick. Dot's right. But I'll told you vot you iss. You iss a fly cop vot has come here snoopin', und you don't know your own brudder."

The words "fly cop," used in Kelly's back room, were like red rags to a bull, and for the second time that night angry glances were turned in Chick's direction. But he met the accusation with a laugh.

"I don't know what you mean by a fly cop," he said, "but if I was any kind of a cop at all, I'd take you in on the jump, Fatty, for being a public nuisance and obstructing the highway."

Again there was a laugh at the expense of Hans, but he did not seem to hear it—or, if he did hear it, he paid no attention.

It was evident that his mind was upon something else, and that he was about to act.

So closely was Nick Carter watching him that he paid little attention to the words that were being uttered.

He knew that Hans suspected that he was Nick Carter, and he believed that the big German was questioning Chick merely for the purpose of gaining time while he thought out the puzzle of the two men so much alike.

"Does Hans suspect that he is talking to Chick?" was the mental question which Nick asked of himself. "He suspects me, sure. That's plain. I wonder if he suspects Chick, too? Or does he think that Chick is really the brother of the man he has murdered?"

The Dutchman's next move was equally puzzling.

He turned and faced Braddock.

"Padger," he said, "I vill told to you vot I t'ink about all dis, vat?"

"Sure. Tell me."

"Vell, I haf a friend who iss called Maine Guy. Dot friend he sends to me a telegram only—vell, only a lettle vile ago—und he says dot he iss due here in dis town yesterday. I sends pack vord to him by a friend vot carried de message for me, cos my friends in de chail wouldn't let me go out to sent it myself—I sends pack vord to Maine dot I meet him at a leetle house I own vere we haf met before. Vell! You follow dot? Hey? Vot?"

"Sure. Go on."

"My friends at de chail don't let me get out so kevick as I expected, and I don't git to de house vere I vas to

meet mit Maine until almost two hours after I set I vould. Vell! You follow dot, you do? Maybe? What?"

"Sure."

"I go dere two hours after I set I vould, and I find Maine dere, vaitin' for me—but dere iss somedings de matter ven I go in de house vere Maine iss. You vant to know vot iss de matter? Vot?"

"Certainly. What was the matter?"

"Vell, Maine don't recognize me. Maine don't know me. You vant to know vy iss it dot my friend Maine don't know me ven I go by dot house?"

"Confound it—yes."

"Because he iss dead."

"What!"

"Dot's vot I set. He vas dead. Dere vas somebody who got dere before me, und he vas find out dot Maine haf a big vad; und—vell, dere are doze who vill t'ink dot I killed him, but, all de same, I didn't do it, und I don't know who did. He iss dead; dot's all I know, I tell you, every bit."

He wheeled like lightning and faced Chick again.

"If Maine Guy vas your brudder, den your brudder iss dead," he said.

Chick, realizing that he must play a part for the benefit of the others, started forward toward the German, as if he would attack him, and he uttered an exclamation that was intended to signify emotion, but Hans held up his hand and stopped him.

"Vait," he said. "I ain't through yet. Dere vas a table in de room and dere vas cards on de table—cards and chips, as if he had been playing poker; und Maine vas sitting in von of de chairs facing de table, vere de man vot killed him had tied him. He was holding four aces in his hand, und on de table on de other side from him, dere vas a straight flush, face up, looking into his dead eyes—und dere vas a bullet hole in Maine's heart."

He paused as if to notice the effect of his words, and then, moistening his lips with his tongue, he continued, in the same tone:

"Dot iss not all yet. I vatched dot house from de outside. I touched nothing on de inside of it, but I vatch it from de outside, und by and by I see two men go dere. Von of dose men was Inspector Lawton, from the headquarters of de police, und de other man vas Nick Carter. Vell, Padger Praddock, vot you t'ink of dot—hey?"

"I don't know what to think of it, Hans. Suppose you tell me what you think of it."

"Vell, I vill do dot, too, already; und ven I haf it done, I vill show you sometings vot will astonishment you some, vot?"

"Go ahead, I'm listening."

"Goot! Now, suppose you all take seats vile I told the story. You sit dere, Padger; und your friend vot looks like Maine, who iss dead, und who vas de brudder of dis chentlemen's, who iss neither a crook nor a straight deal, already; vot? Dot's right. Now you are all seated, I vill told you to vonce vat I think about it; hey?"

In order to understand what followed, almost too rapidly to relate it with proper adjustment, the reader must get the picture of the place in his mind.

Chick still stood with his back against the wall; he was the only one who did not seat himself at the suggestion of Hans.

The others, all seated, with their chairs drawn in a semicircle around Hans, who stood before them in about the relation of the star to the crescent, with Chick behind him. Of the crescent, Badger Braddock and Nick Carter formed the exact center, and to Badger directly Hans addressed his remarks.

While he talked, Nick realized that a climax was approaching—a climax which he could do nothing to avert—a climax which he was forced to await and meet as best he could. Nevertheless he expected nothing more immediately serious than a denouncement on the part of Hans, and he braced himself to meet that with his usual dexterity and adroitness.

But Hans had other plans, as will be seen.

"Dis iss vot I think," continued Hans, when they were all seated before him: "I think dot Nick Carter saw a personal in the *Courier*, and in reading dot personal, he vent to Inspector Lawton and set to him: 'Ve vill go by dot house und find Maine.' Vell, he goes by de house mit de inspector, und he finds Maine, und he says to himself: 'By Chimmeneddy, I vill fix mineself up so dot I look like Maine Guy, und den I vill go by Kelly's pack room, und I vill make de poys dere t'ink I vas his ghost.'

"Vell, dot iss vot he decide to do, und vot he does. He fixes himself up to look like Maine, und he comes here, und dere he iss! Vatch me vile I point de finger of scorn at him."

Nobody was prepared for what followed, Nick Carter no more than the others. Hans raised his right arm suddenly as if to point his finger at the detective, and as he did so, there was a flash and a loud report, and Nick Carter, struck by the bullet from Hans' pistol, pitched forward from his chair to the floor.

CHAPTER IX.

A BATTLE IN THE DARK.

The act was committed so suddenly and so utterly without the shadow of a warning as to what was to happen, that not a person there was prepared for it.

And Hans had calculated well before he acted, too, as was evidenced by the very deliberation he had used.

It has already been said that the big man was as quick as a cat in his motions—as quick, in some respects, as Nick Carter himself—and in this instance he had moved with such suddenness that the shooting of the detective was actually accomplished before his intention was suspected.

Then, as he fired the shot, he wheeled with the quickness of a flash of lightning, and made what a Westerner would call a snap hip shot, directed at the form of Chick, who was standing against the wall behind him.

If Chick had not leaped forward suddenly when the first shot flashed out, he must have been struck and killed by the second one, for the bullet imbedded itself in the wall exactly behind the place where he had been standing, and at a spot which showed that it would have struck him in the heart.

As it was, the flash of the weapon came almost directly in his face, and he ducked his head just in time to escape it.

That duck, on the part of Chick, provided, however, just the one instant of time upon which Hans had cal-

culated if his second bullet should miss its mark, for the instant he fired, he leaped forward and away, and directly upon Braddock, who had sprung to his feet after the second shot.

Can you imagine how quickly it all happened? It was like the ticking of a watch.

When Hans took the leap, he seized Braddock in his brawny arms, raised him clear from his feet as if he had been a child, and turning, threw him bodily against Chick; and then, seizing a chair, he cleared a way before him as one might sweep cobwebs out of the way with a broom.

Through the cleared space he leaped like a tiger, and with surprising speed he sprinted across the room toward the door by which he had entered—the door which communicated with the private apartments of the proprietor's family.

In the meantime there was pandemonium in the back room at Kelly's.

Nick Carter was on the floor, apparently dead. Chick and Braddock were on the floor together, each struggling to arise from the mix-up into which they had been hurled by the strength and quickness of the powerful and agile Hans Pretzel.

The remaining occupants of the room were shouting, gesticulating, swearing, and struggling to get under tables, and so out of the way of other bullets, if there should be others.

Hans himself was clearing fathoms of space in each bound he made toward the door—and so toward safety, for the big and crafty German had nicely calculated every move in the drama he had decided to enact.

And it seemed for a moment as if he would make good his escape.

Indeed, he had reached the door and opened it. He was in the act of passing through. One foot was, in fact, across the threshold when from the very center of the crowded mêlée produced by the Dutchman's acts, there came the sharp crack of another pistol shot.

It seemed to come from the floor—and in fact it did.

Nevertheless it was well directed, for the German crook went no farther than that threshold across which he had already stepped with one foot; but, with a yell of pain, he crashed with his huge weight to the floor, and as he did so, Nick Carter leaped to his feet, unharmed.

Nick had gone into that den of thieves well prepared for anything that might happen.

Before starting out, realizing that he had to play a difficult part—a much more difficult one than usual, since he did not even know the name of the character that he was about to assmue—and that he had to contend against a man who feared nothing and dared all things, he had put on under his dress shirt that wonderful coat of delicate chain mail long ago presented to him by the King of Italy; a steel shirt, almost as light in weight as leather, but as impervious to an ordinary bullet as a stone wall.

His falling to the floor when Hans fired at him had been merely a ruse, and now the big German, all too late, realized it.

But Hans Pretzel was not dead yet; neither was he conquered.

The bullet from the detective's pistol had shattered his knee and so had felled him to the floor, rendering escape by flight impossible, but the fat desperado still had three shots left in one of his weapons, and the full five in another, and as he fell upon the threshold, he managed to roll half behind the door and with his face to the room he had left.

Then, without discrimination, he began firing.

Through the smoke already in the room, and because the other men there who were endeavoring frantically to escape were hurling glasses and chairs at the lights in order to put the room in darkness as quickly as possible, it was impossible for him to detect friend from enemy, and as a matter of fact he did not make much effort to do so.

Hans Pretzel was mad with rage—maniacal fury.

He realized now that escape was impossible.

He knew that his career was run—that his history had come to a definite close.

In the house uptown to which he had sent the detective, there were two murders against him, either of which could be easily proven, and either of which would send him to the chair at Sing Sing.

It was all up with Hans Pretzel the instant when that bullet struck him in the knee, and nobody knew that fact better than he did himself—and instantly he determined that as many lives as he could take should go out of this world with him.

He did not much care who he killed so long as he killed somebody.

If he could have taken his choice, he would first have shot down Chick, then Braddock, and then, one by one, others among the men who were supposed to be his friends, but almost all of whom he cordially hated, and every one of whom hated and feared him.

And all the while he was lying there on the floor, firing into the crowd with cool deliberation, he was possessed by a sort of demoniacal joy at the thought that he had succeeded in killing Nick Carter before he died—for he still believed that his bullet had pierced the heart of the detective.

It was almost worth while to die like a dog with such a reputation to leave behind him.

To have it quoted among the crooks who remembered him that Hans Pretzel killed Nick Carter was sufficient epitaph for posterity to read, in his glorification.

And so he aimed with deliberation and fired coolly into the crowd—aimed at the shadowy figures, none of which he could recognize, for already there was only a light or two left for him.

And all this he did with the eight shots that remained, ticking them off with the regularity and precision of clockwork.

Count eight, slowly—one, two, three, et cetera—and you will know how his shots spurted out from behind that door, and how short a time it was from the instant when he fell, struck by the detective's bullet, until his weapons were exhausted and his shots ceased.

"Maybe de others vill kill me now," he muttered to himself, as he sent his last bullet on its death-dealing errand; and he grinned hideously. "Vell, den I vill fool dot chair, after all, maybe; hey? Vot?"

But then he uttered a yell of rage, for raising his eyes, he saw standing over him the man whom he knew to be Nick Carter, and whom he thought he had killed.

The sight was too much for the burly crook.

He uttered that one yell of rage, hurled one oath, and also the empty weapon in his right hand, at the detective, and then—fainted.

Nick Carter leaned forward and deftly, one after another, snapped three pairs of handcuffs upon Hans' wrists.

"He would snap one pair like pipestems," said the detective to Chick; "he might break two pairs, but I think three will hold him. And now, look out, Chick. We are not out of this yet. Those fellows know who we are now, and—down!" he added quickly, as the last light went out.

The command came none too soon, for with the extinguishing of the light came three reports one after another in quick succession, and bullets pattered against the wall over their heads.

"We've got to fight it out in the dark, Chick," he added. "Move over to the right; I will go to the left."

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

There were sounds of groaning from many quarters of the room, from men in whose bodies the bullets from Hans Pretzel's pistols had taken effect.

There was not a ray of light anywhere, save one faint glimmer which struggled through a broken pane of glass from the hallway, and after those three shots just described there followed a tense silence.

How many men there might be left in the room neither Nick nor Chick could guess, but it was safe to suppose that there were several of them, for those who had not made good their escape early during the fight could not now go out without opening the door, thus admitting light and making targets of themselves.

And that door of escape was on the opposite side of the room from where the two detectives were lying prone upon the floor.

And so they waited in silence. So, also, waited their enemies.

Neither wished to fire again, for the reason that the flash of the weapon would reveal the locality of the marksman and thus bring a volley down upon him.

And so each side waited, neither having any desire to take the initiative.

There was not much hope on Nick's side of the question, that the noise of the fight would have been heard outside the building and thus attracted aid, for Kelly's back room was known to be almost soundproof. It had been made so purposely, and Kelly, during his life, although careful to allow as little noise as possible in his place, had nevertheless known to a surety that even pistol shots and yells could not be heard in the street from that room.

Nevertheless help was on its way.

There was one element of that expedition which neither of the detectives had counted upon, and that, although very small, was also very brave and resourceful—it was our young friend Pommery.

Pommery, it will be remembered, had been commissioned by Chick to follow and keep tabs on the young Italian who had appeared to be in the employ of Hans Pretzel, and he had been made up to represent an Italian boy himself.

Now, Pommery had followed his bait until he had been taken to Kelly's, and there he had caught a glimpse of Hans—just one little glimpse, when the boy he was following had delivered his report.

But that one glance had been sufficient, and it had determined Pommery that he would remain on duty there until he discovered something which was worthy of a report to his chief.

In pursuit of this effort he had lingered around the front of the place, and had managed during the evening to pick up two small jobs from the bartender in the front bar; and so, when the place was closed at one o'clock, he had managed to remain inside, and when everybody adjourned to the back room he had managed to sneak in there and to conceal himself where he could see and hear all that happened.

Of course Pommery did not suspect that the two strangers who were there were his chief and Chick, until the dénouement from Hans took place, and then he knew—and then, also, he lost no time.

Just as the first shot was fired—the one which was supposed for a time to have killed the detective—Pommery managed unobserved to unlock the door and slip out of the place.

As soon as he was on the outside, he started to run, and he did not stop until he had arrived at the nearest police station, where in a few short sentences he related his story, coupling it with the intelligence that Nick Carter and his assistant, Chick, were in Kelly's back room, and beset by a horde of ruffians who were seeking to murder them.

The reserves were turned out without delay, and they lost no time in getting to Kelly's; and so it happened that while Nick and Chick were lying prone upon the floor, waiting for some of their enemies to make a move, the door was suddenly burst open, a flood of light was admitted, and a squad of bluecoats with drawn revolvers filed solemnly into the room.

Well, that ended the incident.

There were three dead crooks—one of whom was Braddock—and two badly wounded men besides Hans Pretzel in the room.

Hans, who had now recovered consciousness, grinned across the room at Nick, when the policemen had deposited him in a chair.

"Vell," he said, "it iss too tam bad, Carter. I apologize. I meant to shoot you, all right, und I don't know now vy I didn't do it; vot? Maybe you vill git me in de chair at Singtwice, und maybe I don't go dere. If I don't—vell, vell!—den maybe I vas see you again, sometimes; hey? vot?"

THE END.

In the next week's issue of NICK CARTER STORIES you will find a rattling good story, entitled "The Murder at Linden Fells; or, The Mystery of the Cadillac Needle." It is one of the most puzzling cases in which Nick Carter was ever engaged, and you must not fail to read it. The issue is No. 60, and it will be out November 1st.

SEEING THINGS GROW.

Did you ever actually see things grow? If not, lie down some day beside a gladiolus bed after the recent rain and sunshine have made a thin crust over the earth, and when the green spears are just beginning to push through it.

You will see some cracks in the crust, and by and by a little trapdoor will begin to lift, as though some small Titan were struggling underneath. Look sharply now, for if you do not you may turn your wandering eyes back

to find the green laborer pushing at the door without you having seen him come. Soon he will throw back the cover on its hinges and stand there for the first time in the sunlight an inch above the ground. All this may be even done in an hour. Few things grow faster than the gladiolus.

CALLED DOWN;

Or, Steve Manley in a Desperate Strait.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

"She has been murdered! Her life has been cruelly sacrificed, that the infamy of some heartless man might not be exposed! She is the victim of treachery, the dupe of some scoundrel whose hands now are red with the crime he has committed! She has been killed by the villain who misled——"

"Hush! hush, young woman! You are not yet sure of this."

"I am sure of it—I am! I feel it here in my heart! I loved my sister. And I feel that my suspicions are more reliable than the deductions of your cold reasoning. Oh, Chief O'Mara, I am certain that my darling sister has been cruelly wronged and killed!"

These were the tragic declarations which, on the morning of April fifteenth, were made in the presence of Chief O'Mara and several of his inspectors, who were gathered in the chief's office in the bureau of detectives at the Pennville police headquarters.

They had issued from the lips of a tall, stylishly dressed girl of great beauty, and whose language and bearing, despite her almost ungovernable emotion, indicated that she was a girl of education and refinement. She was about twenty-two, of the blond type, with forceful features, a delicate complexion and large, expressive blue eyes.

The latter were flooded with tears while she gave utterance to her feelings, and all who observed her noticed that her stately figure, for she was standing erect near the chief's desk, was trembling with emotion and distress.

Steve Manley, the young detective, who was among those present, thought her one of the prettiest young women he had ever seen.

Chief O'Mara read again the brief but startling note this girl had given him on entering with her companion, who was a young man about her own age, and who stood beside her on the floor. The missive was written on delicate, scented paper, and read as follows:

"JOSIE, MY DARLING SISTER: "I know you cannot love me after what I am about to do, but I shall always love you just the same, and cherish very dearly all our past relations. I have no alternative but to go as I am going. If I remain here, only shame and sorrow will be mine, and I could not meet your tender, loving eyes without an anguish no sister's heart could endure. I am going away with one who has promised to amend, if possible, the great wrong of which he is guilty, and you will never see me again. Try to think kindly of me, as I shall always think with such loving sorrow and remorse of you. I am writing this with tears in my eyes, and with a heart broken with grief; yet I must do what I am doing. Forgive me, if you can. Your sister, BELLE."

This was the communication, and experience had taught Chief O'Mara how to read between the lines of such a piteous farewell.

"You say that your sister left this note fastened to the pincushion in her chamber?" he asked gravely, looking up at the pale face of the girl opposite.

"Yes, sir; I found it there this morning."

"At what time did your sister leave home last evening?"

"About half past nine, sir."

"Did she say where she was going?"

"She said she had been invited to go for a motor ride with a gentleman friend, and was to meet him outside. Also that she might not return until quite late, and that I need not sit up for her."

"What is your name?"

"Josie West, sir."

"And your sister's?"

"Belle West, sir," replied the girl, with a sob.

"Your parents——"

"Alas, sir, my parents are dead!" interposed Josie West, taking the chair which her escort now brought forward.

"Where do you live?"

"On Morningside Avenue, sir, near the Allegheny Cemetery. We lived alone, my sister and I, in the house left us by the death of my father three years ago."

"Are you girls of means?"

"Enough to live on, sir."

"Have you been living alone?"

"Yes, sir, since my father died."

"Do you know to what gentleman your sister refers in this letter?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Have you no suspicion?"

"Nothing definite, sir. I know only that Belle has been friendly, and in correspondence, with some man for the past three months, but she never told me who he was."

"Have you examined her letters?"

"They all have been destroyed, sir."

"With a view to concealing the identity of her betrayer?"

"It would seem so, sir. She has not left a trace of anything that would suggest who the man may be."

"Why, then, do you suspect that she has been murdered?" demanded Chief O'Mara, "rather than that she has voluntarily fled with the man?"

"Because, sir, I believe these precautions have been taken at the man's instigation," replied Josie West, with much feeling.

"Then you think he did this solely with a design to safely put your sister out of the way?"

"That is just what I think, sir! It was not like my sister to have kept the truth from me, unless influenced by another, and by one she stood in fear of."

"How old is your Sister Belle?"

"She is twenty-one."

"Of your style?"

"She is darker, sir, and very pretty. Mr. Barrows, sir, will tell you she is the last girl in the world to have willfully kept the truth from me. He thinks he saw her last night, riding with the man in question."

Chief O'Mara turned to the young man indicated, who had remained standing by Miss West's chair.

He was a slight, dark-eyed man of twenty-odd, with rather effeminate features and a very clear complexion, unmarred by the first sign of mustache or beard. Yet his face was very attractive, his eyes frank and honest, and Josie West might very naturally have been deeply in love with him.

"Are you Mr. Barrows?" demanded Chief O'Mara.

"Yes, sir," bowed the young gentleman, toying nervously with his hat. "And what Josie—pardon me! what Miss West says, is true. I also believe that her sister is the victim of some kind of foul play, and that some Pennville man is responsible for her mysterious disappearance."

"There is not very much mystery in her departure," returned Chief O'Mara shortly. "She tacitly states in this note that she was about to run away with a man. Where do you think you saw them last evening?"

"Crossing the Forty-third Street bridge, sir."

"At what time?"

"Not far from half past eight," replied Barrows promptly. "I had occasion to go over to Millvale borough yesterday afternoon, and was then returning. When near the middle of the bridge, a rapidly driven automobile passed me. I could not swear that Miss West was one of the occupants, for it then was quite dark; but that was my first impression as the car went by me."

"Did you notice her companion?"

"I only know that a man was driving the car. I did not see his face."

"Can you describe the car?"

"It was a red car, sir, I think."

"What is your business, Mr. Barrows?"

"I am a collecting agent for a New York sewing-machine firm, sir, for which I have been at work about a year."

"Where do you live?"

"I board on Dearborn Street, sir, where I have lived since coming to Pennville, a year ago."

"Are you related to these West girls?"

"I am engaged to marry Miss Josie West," replied Barrows, indicating with quiet dignity the girl seated in the chair.

"Ah, yes, I see. Did you notice, Mr. Barrows, which way the motor car went after leaving the Forty-third Street bridge?"

"No, sir; I did not wait until it——"

"Wait now, please!"

This interruption by the chief was occasioned by the sudden appearance of a man in the uniform of a local police.

The expression on the intruder's face, together with his hurried entrance, indicated that something unusual had occurred, or been discovered.

In his hand he carried a small leather satchel, such as ladies use for their purse and handkerchief; while hanging over his arm by its ribbons was a lady's dainty bonnet, which evidently had lately been drenched with water.

The instant her eyes fell upon these articles, a shriek that chilled all hearers broke from Josie West; and before a hand could be raised to her aid, she had pitched face forward to the floor in a dead faint.

CHAPTER II.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE CRIME.

"Look after this girl!" cried Chief O'Mara, springing to his feet. "Bring some water, Steve, quick."

"She has fainted!" exclaimed Sidney Barrows, dropping to his knee beside the fallen girl.

Aided by Chief O'Mara, he raised her from the floor and laid her upon a couch near by, while Steve Manley rushed to the lavatory for water. Her restoration was the work of a few minutes only, and presently the fluttering eyelids of the inanimate beauty indicated her returning consciousness.

"My sister—Belle!" were the first words that issued from her gray lips. "She is dead—murdered!"

"Hush! We will see," said Chief O'Mara gently. "Are you able to sit up?"

"Yes, yes, I am better!" she cried, with returning strength. "Help me to the chair again."

"Give her a drop of brandy," suggested the sergeant. "Here is some."

Josie West accepted the glass from the hand of her escort, and the stimulant quickly sent a tinge of color into her white cheeks. Then her eyes took on again that former expression of grief and distress, and were turned wildly about in search of the officer whose entrance had overcome her.

Having seen the effect he had produced, he considerately had drawn to one side; but at a gesture from Chief O'Mara, he came forward.

"You must be calm, young lady," said the latter; "and meet this situation bravely. I wish to question you further."

"I am calm now!" exclaimed Miss West. "I know only too well that my poor sister is dead, and I ask only that you will do what you can to find her body, and bring her murderer to justice."

"Your agitation——"

"Do not mind that! I'll not cry any more—not here. What do you want to ask me?"

"Come nearer, Mercer!" commanded Chief O'Mara. "What have you there?"

But Josie West answered for the officer.

"Belle's bonnet and hand bag!" she cried impulsively. "I recognized them instantly. It was the sight of them that made me faint."

"How came you by them, Mercer?"

"The bonnet was found in the river, Chief O'Mara, up above the Forty-third Street bridge," replied the patrolman. "I found the hand bag, sir, on the bank of the stream some distance beyond. There is considerable evidence that a very serious crime has been committed."

"Oh, you may speak plainly, officer!" cried Miss West, observing the solicitous look he cast in her direction. "I am prepared to hear the worst. Please, Chief O'Mara, get at the truth of this tragedy as quickly as possible."

"What are the particulars, Mercer?" demanded Chief O'Mara.

The officer then explained:

"It was reported to me, sir, when I first went on my beat this morning, that several alarming screams were heard last night between ten and eleven o'clock, from a quarter some distance above the bridge."

"On the Millvale side?"

"Yes, sir. It is very lonely up that way, sir, with but

few houses; and thinking there might have been something wrong to have caused the cries, I went up there to look about. On my way I met two lads who had been boating, and who had found the bonnet floating near the bank of the stream some distance above the bridge."

"She has been drowned!" murmured Josie West, with a half-subdued moan and sob.

"A hundred yards or more beyond," continued Mercer, "I found the hand bag on the bank, and in the soil near by there were signs of a violent struggle."

"Footprints?"

"Yes, chief, and several scraps of cloth, as if torn from a girl's dress. I have them here, sir."

"They are like the waist Belle had on!" cried Josie West, half starting from her chair. "There is absolutely no doubt, Chief O'Mara, that my sister has been——"

"Pardon me, Miss West!" exclaimed the chief, with a slight frown. "Please allow me to question the officer without further interruption. It is very evident that the case is one which requires thorough investigation, and it shall have it. Did you examine the footprints, Mercer?"

"Very carefully, sir."

"What did you find?"

"The prints evidently were those of a man and girl, or young lady. In places they were quite plain. The girl wore a small shoe, that of the man was about an eight."

"What more?"

"I returned down river, sir, and on making inquiries I learned that a man and girl had been seen driving in an automobile toward Dixon's road house about half past eight last evening."

"Did you get any description?"

"Later, sir."

"Go on."

"I first hunted up the parties who had reported the fact that screams had been heard, and from them I learned that no effort had been made on their part to ascertain at the time the occasion for the outcries."

"Did they offer any explanation?"

"They said that the screams ceased almost immediately, and that they had supposed them to be the cries of boys, possibly, and had not thought it necessary to look into the matter."

"Who made these reports?"

"Two women, sir, who were passing along the road some distance away at the time the screams were heard."

"Did they state anything further?"

"Only that they saw a motor car driven rapidly by them a little later, from the direction in which the screams had been heard."

"Did you get a description of the car?"

"A red, single-seated racing car, driven by a man."

"Was there no other occupant in the car?"

"None that the women could see, sir."

"Which way was the man driving?"

"Toward the bridge, sir."

"Did he cross into Pennville?"

"The women could not say, sir. They were considerably above the bridge, and the car had quickly passed out of sight."

"What more have you done, Mercer?"

"I employed a taxicab to take me out to Dixon's road house, chief, and there continued my inquiries."

"That place doesn't enjoy a very good reputation, Mercer!" exclaimed Chief O'Mara bluntly. "What did you find out there?"

"I learned that a man driving a red motor car came there just before nine last evening, and remained for more than an hour."

"Any companion?"

"A young lady," said Mercer. "The two had dinner in a private room, and were seen only by the waiter who served them."

"Did you question the waiter?"

"I did, chief."

"Did he know the man or girl by sight?"

"He did not. He described the man as being about fifty, slightly gray, and wearing a mustache only. He was well dressed and appeared like a man of means."

"The girl?"

"She was about twenty, of medium figure, dark complexion, and quite pretty. She was stylishly dressed, and wore a silk waist of a pattern corresponding to the fragment I had found on the bank of the river a short time before."

"Did the waiter identify it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were there any names spoken in his hearing while he served them?"

"No, sir."

"What other facts, Mercer?"

"The girl carried the hand bag, chief, which the waiter also remembered. And he also recognized the bonnet found by the two boys."

"What does the hand bag contain?"

"Only a handkerchief and a pocketbook, chief," replied the officer, snapping the hasp and producing the articles mentioned. "But the pocketbook contains a little money, and several cards bearing the name——"

Again Patrolman Mercer cast a doubtful look at the girl who sat listening so intently to his every word, and again she gave him to understand that she did not desire her feelings spared by the suppression of any of the facts.

"Speak out, officer!" she cried, with considerable vehemence. "The name upon the card is——"

"Miss Belle West, miss," said Mercer, gravely bowing.

Josie West heard him without a change in her white face; but all could see that she was deeply affected, and that only by force of a strong and resolute will were her emotions subdued.

"My sister's name, Chief O'Mara! You see my impression was right," she added, with another betrayal of that bitterness which she several times had displayed. "I hope you will discover the knave who has so wronged her, and bring him to justice."

"We shall try to do so, Miss West," curtly returned the chief. "What more have you learned, Mercer?"

"I made further inquiries at the road house, Chief O'Mara, but could find no one who had seen and recognized the man," replied the patrolman. "But while questioning the hostler, in whose care the auto had been left while the parties were at dinner, I discovered the probable owner of the car."

"Good! How was that?"

"They have at Dixon's, sir, a fashion common enough with the road houses," explained Mercer.

"Well, go on."

"It is that of marking with a pencil on the bottom

of a car the name of the garage from which it comes, when the hostler can learn the fact without appearing too inquisitive. The hostler last night recognized the car as being one that had been driven out to the road house on previous occasions, yet by different parties; and on examining it he found that the name of the garage from which it was hired had previously been noted."

"Then it was a let car?"

"The hostler thought so."

"And what name was penciled in the auto?"

"That of the American Motor Garage, chief, on Center Avenue."

"Have you been out there?"

"No, sir; I came here at once with this information."

And the officer fell back a step, like one who had concluded.

Chief O'Mara swung quickly about in his chair and rang up the telephone call with the desk instrument at his elbow.

It was a moment of intense excitement.

Every person present realized that the life of a man might hang upon the answer received over the wire.

The bitter and vengeful light in the eyes of Josie West was becoming brighter, and her lips had ceased quivering with emotion. But the paleness in the cheeks of her escort, who still remained standing beside her chair, momentarily became very vivid. It was almost as if he, now, was about to faint.

At the end of sixty seconds, Chief O'Mara had the line required.

"Hello! The American Garage, on Center Avenue?"

The answer came promptly, but they were heard by Chief O'Mara only.

"Yes; who are you?"

"O'Mara, chief of detectives! Did you let a red racing motor car to any person last evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Dana Radcliff, the coal merchant."

The chief could hardly believe his ears. He felt there must be some mistake. Dana Radcliff was one of the wealthy Pennville coal merchants, and had a magnificent home in the suburbs, with a wife and several children.

What business had Dana Radcliff out motoring with a girl of two and twenty?

"Did you let more than one red racing car last evening?" demanded the chief.

"No, sir; we have only one among our cars to hire."

"At what time did the car go out?"

"About eight o'clock."

"And return?"

"Between eleven and twelve."

"Did the gentleman say where he had been?"

"He did not."

"Has he ever hired a car of you before?" asked Chief O'Mara, knowing well enough that Radcliff had several cars of his own.

"On several occasions," was the reply.

"In the day or evening?"

"Always in the evening."

"That's all!" exclaimed the chief, ringing off the wire.

"Did you learn the villain's name, sir?" cried Josie West, leaning quickly forward with frowning eyes.

"I learned a name," said Chief O'Mara curtly. "Perhaps it will be given to you a little later."

He arose with the last, and strode to one of the corners of the room. His face had become more grave, and the ring of austere determination had found place in his sonorous voice.

"Garrity, come here!" he commanded quickly.

The inspector named instantly joined him.

Then the chief's voice dropped to a whisper.

"Go down to the office of Dana Radcliff, the coal merchant, Garrity," he said, with a significance instantly appreciated; "and see if he is there. If you find him, give him to understand that I wish to question him concerning a matter of which you know absolutely nothing, and ask him to accompany you here at once. Take a taxi."

"What if he declines to come, sir?"

The glow in the dark eyes of Chief O'Mara intensified.

"Bring him here just the same," he commanded bluntly.

CHAPTER III.

BROUGHT TO THE RINGBOLT.

Five minutes later only two persons occupied Chief O'Mara's private office: the chief himself, and young Steve Manley.

The latter was seated at a table in one corner of the room, with a collection of documents and a block of blank paper before him. Any stranger would have supposed him to be merely an office boy, or a junior clerk.

This was precisely what Chief O'Mara intended.

Yet Steve was there to make notes of the expected interview.

In an adjoining room, the door of which was closed, were Patrolman Mercer and the several inspectors who had been present, together with Josie West and her escort, Sidney Barrows.

Every sign of what already had occurred in the chief's office had been removed, that Dana Radcliff, when he should appear, could receive no intimation of the occasion for Chief O'Mara's peremptory summons.

At the end of eight minutes the door was opened and the man came over the threshold.

Steve Manley did not so much as turn his head.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Radcliff," said Chief O'Mara, casually looking up from the desk at which he was seated. "Take a chair."

Dana Radcliff was an attractive man of fifty, with a good figure, a dignified bearing, and an air of independence warranted by social distinction and a long bank account. He was reputed worth a million, and owned one of the finest dwellings in the suburbs of Pennville. He had a wife and family who moved in the best circles of society, and his moral character was generally considered to be beyond reproach.

A few of his intimate friends who knew him best, however, could have testified to his fondness for pretty girls and harmless flirtations, of which his wife would by no means have approved, and to a certain crafty status of character which did not often show on the man's surface.

"Good morning, O'Mara," he responded, with blunt familiarity. "What do you want of me, that you send an officer for me with a taxi? Has any of my numerous clerks fallen under suspicion?"

"Hardly that! Take this chair, Mr. Radcliff."

"Thank you. What can I do for you?"

Chief O'Mara turned to face him more directly.

"You can tell me who the party is with whom you took dinner last evening at Dixon's road house," he answered quickly.

Radcliff started and grew quite pale; yet even with the change he made a denial.

"Dixon's road house!" he exclaimed. "I don't know of the place."

"It is out Millvale way."

"That's a new one on me."

"Then you were not out there last evening?"

"Surely not!"

"I am glad to hear it," said Chief O'Mara quietly. "I have no doubt, then, that you can easily establish an alibi."

"An alibi!" cried Radcliff, more excitedly. "Good heavens, sir! what do you mean? What has occurred to require this of me?"

Chief O'Mara ignored his vehement questions.

"I would suggest that you consider the answers you see fit to make me, Mr. Radcliff," he rejoined. "I have been informed that you were at Dixon's road house last evening."

"It is false!"

"As I said before, I am very glad to hear it. Is it equally false, Mr. Radcliff, that you hired a car from the American Garage, and went to ride, having for a companion a young lady by the name of Belle West, who resides on Morningside Avenue, near the Allegheny Cemetery. Pray, sir, consider for a moment before you reply."

The significance of what had been said was irresistible. Radcliff briefly hesitated. Though his cheeks were very pale, his eyes were now ablaze with resentment, and his stout figure trémulous with suppressed anger.

"Why do you question me thus?" he at length cried hotly. "What is the meaning of these insinuations?"

"They are not insinuations, Mr. Radcliff," said Chief O'Mara, with more austerity. "They are allegations."

"They are presumptuous, sir!"

"Do you mean that you deny them?"

"Most assuredly, I do!"

"I am glad to hear it."

"Why are you glad?" cried Radcliff passionately. "What do you imply by the repetition of that remark?"

"Merely that you are in a less serious position than I feared," Chief O'Mara answered deeply. "And as I said before, you doubtless can establish an alibi, if I am mistaken?"

"But what need of an alibi?"

"Aren't you acquainted with Belle West, Mr. Radcliff?"

Radcliff changed to a new course. He had brains enough to know that no ordinary matter would have occasioned this summons and interview. With lips still twitching with resentment, he now said curtly:

"I admit I am acquainted with Belle West. What of it?"

"How long have you known her, Mr. Radcliff?"

"For about two months."

"What have been your relations with her?"

"Only those of a friend!" cried Radcliff sharply. "Look here, O'Mara, why do you meddle with this? What concern is it of yours, that I am acquainted with her? Has there been any complaint made to you?"

"Not exactly a complaint."

"What, then? Surely my wife has not heard of my——"

"Your what?" demanded Chief O'Mara, when the speaker abruptly curtailed his remark.

Radcliff forced a laugh to his lips, and shook his head.

"I suppose I can speak plainly to you, O'Mara, without its going farther!" he now cried impulsively. "I'll admit I have been engaged in a harmless flirtation with Miss West; but nothing more than that, I assure you."

"Who is the girl?"

"She is one of two pretty sisters who live alone on Morningside Avenue."

"What about their character?"

"Good enough, as far as I know."

"Yet not too good, evidently!"

"As you now might infer. Both of them are tolerably unconventional, and I ran across the younger one some time ago, and since I have enjoyed an innocent sort of relationship with her. Merely a dinner now and then, a drive into the country, a few presents, or the like of that."

"Has she been aware that you are a married man?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"Don't you know, Radcliff, that you have been taking long chances of your reputation?"

"Humph! It was very easy to buy the girl's silence, O'Mara," returned Radcliff curtly. "She was willing enough to accept my gifts, and my money, even. I have kept her quiet enough, and what puzzles me is how the thing has leaked out. If my wife——"

"Your wife knows nothing about it."

"Why, then, do you meddle with it?" demanded Radcliff sharply.

"Because, Mr. Radcliff," Chief O'Mara now sternly rejoined, "there has been evidence produced here this morning, which seriously indicates that Belle West was murdered last evening and her body cast into the waters of the Allegheny. That is why I meddle. And that is why I wish to know whether she was your companion last evening."

For an instant Dana Radcliff sat like a man who scarce comprehended what had been said. Then he half rose from his chair, only to drop back again as if every muscle had suddenly relaxed and let him down. White as the linen at his throat, and with a voice that scarce was audible, he gasped sharply:

"Murdered! Belle West murdered! Oh, my God! it is not possible!"

"It is more! It is probable!"

"Then I——"

"Stop!" interrupted Chief O'Mara, quickly raising his hand with a forbidding gesture. "You now may be careful what you say, Mr. Radcliff. I give you warning that your words may hereafter be used against you."

"What! Am I under arrest?"

"You are under arrest, sir."

"Not charged with—with this crime!" gasped Radcliff, with eyes starting from his head.

"No charge has yet been made, but you will be detained in custody. After your denial of——"

"Wait, wait!" cried Radcliff violently. "Use my statements as you will. I recall those denials, O'Mara. I admit I was with Belle West last evening, that I took her to ride and dined with her at Dixon's road house. I now

admit all that; but I deny any knowledge of such a tragedy as you disclose."

"Why did you lie at all about this?" demanded Chief O'Mara sternly.

"Because I knew of nothing so serious involved," Radcliff forcibly answered. "I aimed only to conceal a foolish flirtation, the doubtful escapade of a married man. My God, sir! do you imagine I would have come here like this, and lied about facts which any blockhead might easily establish, had I known what you since have disclosed? I tell you I know nothing about Belle West's death, if she, indeed, is dead. If it is a fact, my exposure is inevitable, and my reputation ruined at home and abroad. Great Scott! O'Mara, it cannot be possible!"

"The evidence——"

"What evidence?" interrupted Radcliff, with an agitation utterly beyond his control. "Tell me on what such a frightful suspicion rests. Ask me any question you will, and I will answer it truthfully, and to the best of my knowledge. Merciful heavens, O'Mara, this is terrible!"

Again the chief raised his hand and checked him.

"Compose yourself, Mr. Radcliff," he commanded. "Answer my questions."

"Ask any questions you wish, sir. I would make any sacrifice of money, if the truth can be learned and the disgrace threatening me averted."

"When a human life has been taken, a sacrifice of money doesn't avail," replied Chief O'Mara, sternly repelling the suggestion more manifest in Radcliff's burning eyes, than in the words he impulsively had spoken.

"At what time," he then demanded, "did you leave Dixon's road house?"

"Between ten and eleven o'clock, sir."

"Was Belle West then with you?"

"Yes, sir, she was."

"Where did you last see her?"

"On the road a mile this side of Dixon's," said Radcliff, now tremulous with agitation.

"Do you mean that she left your car?"

"That is just what I mean, Chief O'Mara."

"What occasioned that?"

"We had an altercation over some trifling thing, and she became angry and refused to ride farther with me. Before I could prevent her, she sprang out of the car and refused to enter it."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Radcliff, that a girl of twenty left you in that deserted locality, with a long walk home staring her in the face, to say nothing of the possibility of affronts on the way, and all because of some trifling altercation?"

The sternness with which Chief O'Mara asked the question at once revealed that he had not credited the explanation which had been made.

Radcliff's white cheeks colored deeply, then grew paler than ever.

"I have told you the truth, Chief O'Mara!" he cried desperately. "I confess that the statement seems incredible, but I swear it is the truth."

"Did you hold any discussion with Belle West after she left your car?"

"Only for a moment, sir. I begged her to get in with me again, and to allow me to take her at least as far as the bridge."

"And she refused?"

"Positively."

"Were there any dwellings near?"

"Not any for a quarter mile."

"Were there any witnesses to this scene?"

"None of whom I know. Would to God there were!"

"What happened next?" demanded Chief O'Mara, with no favorable change in his stern countenance. "Did you leave Miss West standing in the road?"

"I did not leave her, sir!" cried Radcliff. "She left me, instead, and suddenly started back in the direction from which we had come."

"Toward the road house?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you then do, Mr. Radcliff?"

"My impulse was to leave the car and follow her, in the hope of prevailing upon her to comply with my wish. I was greatly averse to leaving a girl in such a deserted place at that hour of the night."

"Did you act upon that impulse?"

"No, sir. After brief consideration I turned about, instead of leaving the car, and drove back in search of her. My search proved vain. I don't know where she went. I drove nearly back to the road house, but I could not find her."

"How far from the river is the spot where she left you?"

"Not more than two hundred yards, sir."

"Have you any further statements to make, Mr. Radcliff?"

"There is no further statement that I can make!" cried Radcliff, in despair. "I could not find the girl. I spent half an hour in the effort. At the end of that time, I turned about again and drove home."

"Did you at any time hear an outcry of any kind?"

"I did not."

"Did you see any person, man or woman, in that locality?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Yet there were two persons about there who heard screams, Mr. Radcliff, and who saw your car," said Chief O'Mara, with grave austerity, "and, in light of evidence produced this morning, I have no alternative but to hold you under arrest."

Radcliff sprang to his feet with a cry.

"I'll not suffer it!" he exclaimed excitedly. "My God, sir! this is outrageous. I am innocent of any wrong done this girl. I will not suffer arrest. I——"

"Mr. Radcliff!"

"I will not submit to it, sir! You have no warrant for——"

But Chief O'Mara had touched a bell upon his desk.

The door at the end of the office flew open and two policemen stood on the threshold.

"Possibly no warrant, Mr. Radcliff," said the chief. "But that will be forthcoming, sir, and, meantime, you will consider yourself in custody."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MEN TEA DRINKERS.

In the interior of Australia all the men drink tea. They drink it all day long, and in quantities and at a strength that would seem to be poisonous.

On Sunday morning the tea maker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and

when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep coffee-colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's leaves, he repeats the process. On Tuesday he does ditto, and on Wednesday again, and so on throughout the week.

By this time the "tea" is the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate.

Doctors tell of cases resulting from this abuse which closely border, in their manifestations, on the signs of delirium tremens.

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

By WALTER H. BRYANT.

While staying for a few weeks in St. Louis, in the spring of 18—, I met an old hunter, by the name of Harrison, who told me the following story:

"About twenty years ago, I started to have a hunt with six of the best hunters I have ever met. I may as well tell you it was the first time I had ever been farther West than St. Louis. There were no broad trails to Oregon and California then, as there are now. The emigrant's wagon had not left furrows and ruts in the rich soil of the prairies. The Indians were all hostile. So we had to post a sentinel every night to warn us of danger. I was never intrusted with this duty, as the hunters said that the Indians could creep right into the camp before 'Greeny,' as they called me, would know anything about them. We were not molested, nor did anything worthy of note occur until we were in the Rocky Mountains.

"One day I thought I would go out and have a hunt by myself; so, taking my rifle, I left the camp, without letting any of the rest know of my intention.

"After leaving camp, I fell into a deep reverie. I took no notice of the flight of time, until my thoughts were suddenly turned in another channel by the sound of footsteps coming toward me. My first thoughts were of Indians, and then my heart sickened, for I knew I was no match for the wily red man; and then came thoughts of my friends. They had missed me, and had come to find me. I shouted, and even fired off my rifle, to let them know where I was. I soon had cause to regret this folly, for the next moment I beheld a huge grizzly bear advancing toward me. What was I to do? My rifle was useless, except as a club, and I had no pistols. I had nothing but a hunting knife to defend myself with, for I had dropped my rifle in terror at first sight of the bear. I saw him rise and advance toward me. All these things happened in far less time than it takes me to describe them to you.

"The next moment I was in the fearful embrace of as large a grizzly bear as it has ever been my fortune to encounter. Just as he threw his huge paws around me, I drew my knife with my right hand, and thus my right arm escaped the merciless hugging I received. Then commenced a struggle for life. I plunged my knife again and again into the body of the bear, as he tore the flesh off my body with his huge paws. I knew I could not stand such work much longer, so I thrust the knife once more into the bear, when I felt him relaxing his hold, and then I fainted.

"The remainder was told to me by my companions. About sunset they had missed me from the camp; they supposed I had got lost in the woods, or had been captured by the Indians. Knowing it would be useless to hunt for me in the night, they waited until morning, and then started on my trail. This they followed until they found myself and the carcass of the bear. One of the hunters had taken off one of the bear's claws to give me to keep as a memento of the encounter, but I did not want it, for I have marks on me that I can never loose."

He took off his hat, and showed me where the bear had taken off a portion of his scalp.

"You may suppose that this would have had the effect of keeping me from pursuing the adventurous life of a hunter, but not so, for it gave me a taste for it. I have followed it for twenty years, and have earned among the Indians the title of Black Eagle."

HOW A KING WAS "SPANKED."

The little King of Spain had to endure what most of us remember as among the unpleasant incidents of childhood—a spanking. The queen mother administered the chastisement, and with such vigor that his microscopic majesty is not likely to forget the operation.

The willfulness which brought down condign punishment upon him was his obstinate refusal to return the salutes of his subjects, while taking his daily drive with his governess; and the particular offense reported to the regent shows that there is something of the *enfant terrible* about the royal urchin. An officer of high rank approached and saluted the king with reverence.

In reply the small monarch put out his tongue.

A journalist of Republican tendencies witnessed the general's discomfiture, and he did not fail to make capital out of the little king's "evident contempt for his subjects." On reaching home the queen mother remonstrated with her son, and, as no repentance was apparent, spanked him.

A Carlist paper prints a cartoon, showing the royal culprit in the familiar position across the mother's knee; and another paper gravely asks why a "whipping boy" is not attached to the court, "to spare profanation to the sacred person of his majesty."

AN OYSTER CITY.

Franklin City, situated on a bit of marshy land at the extreme northeast corner of West Virginia, owes its being and continuity to the oyster. The bay adjoining is rich with oyster beds, and the city, which forms the terminus of a branch railway line, consists of fifty buildings, every one of which is occupied by those who make their living in some way, directly or indirectly, out of the bivalves.

Every house is built on piles three or four feet above the surface of the ground. Elevated board walks run from house to house. There are two main and two side streets, unpaved, of course. The only solid bits of ground anywhere are composed of empty oyster shells. These form the entire ballasting of the railway line.

There are no sewers or drains, but whenever a southeast gale rages the sea sweeps up under the city and washes all refuse away. To obtain water, wells have been driven into the salt bay itself, and sweet water is drawn from sixty feet below the surface. All the heads of houses are well off, making good incomes out of the oysters. The people are generally a handsome, sturdy lot, both men and women.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Told Annoyer to "Beat It."

Each of Chicago's ten policewomen is eager to have the honor of making the first arrest, but having been ordered by the chief to "instruct and persuade" rather than arrest, no member of the new squad has led in a captive yet. One of the squad applied persuasion in the case of a State Street loiterer recently, and it proved effective.

The shopping district was thronged when a woman in somber attire joined the procession of bargain seekers. At Madison Street she paused and glanced at an opposite corner. There stood a nattily dressed young man, smoothly shaven and possessed of a bright, alluring smile. Now and then he tipped his hat jauntily and widened his smile to passing women. The woman in black crossed the street and touched the natty youth on the shoulder. He turned upon her with a look of perplexity.

"Say, you beat it," she ordered firmly.

"W-W-Why, madam," he stammered.

"I said beat it," she repeated, never taking her eyes off his face.

"May I ask who you are?" he inquired.

"I am a member of the Chicago police department—a policewoman, to be exact," she replied. "And I am out to do my duty. You are a masher, I take it, and have no business here. Now, you just move on as fast as you can, or——"

It was unnecessary to finish. The young man "beat it."

Savings Account His Tip.

Leo Moser, a banker, has convinced himself that he has worked out the ideal tipping system. To do so he applied the technique he acquired while acting as president of the American Institute of Banking, and made a draft on his experience acquired as advertising manager of the St. Louis Union Trust Company.

Mr. Moser, who is young and good looking, thought he was so well taken care of by the young woman who waited on him in his favorite lunch room on Fourth Street, St. Louis, that he straightway put his system into effect. He obtained the name of the young woman, went to the savings department of the St. Louis Union Trust Company, and opened a dollar account in her name. He kept patronizing the restaurant, and none but the girl with the savings account could wait on him. He never affronts her with a sordid tip, but when he feels that the service is just a little better than he could reasonably expect, a deposit goes to her credit.

The Control of Rabies.

Doctor Henry Albert has contributed to *The American Journal of the Medical Sciences* an article on the control of rabies, of which this summary appears in the *New York Medical Journal:*

"Doctor Henry Albert gives the statistics bearing upon the prevalence of rabies in the world at present, the number of persons bitten by rabid dogs, the prevalence of rabies in the United States, and a comparison of the distribution of the disease in this country in 1908 and 1911. The methods for the control or eradication of rabies considered are, immediate local treatment, Pasteur antirabic treatment, accurate diagnosis, and regulations aiming at the control of rabies in dogs and other lower animals—the licensing, muzzling, detention, destruction, and quarantine of affected dogs.

"To effect extermination of the disease the writer advocates the better instruction of the public, that they should realize that rabies is prevalent in most countries of the world, and that in parts of the United States it is on the increase; that it is possible to exterminate the disease by adopting certain regulations concerning dogs; that the muzzling of dogs is not a hardship to the animals, and that all the stray or ownerless dogs should be killed; that eradication is worth while because of the loss to live stock; that efforts at eradication are justified by the loss of human life and the worry incident to a dog bite."

Mails Stone to Judge.

Some days ago there were visions of infernal machines around the courthouse at Norristown, Pa., when Librarian Jones received by parcel post a heavy package addressed to Judge Swartz.

It was carefully opened and found to contain a stone weighing seven and one-half pounds, accompanied by a letter which said that the stone had been found in the middle of one of the roads in the county, the condition of which road had been pointed out to the supervisors of the township without result. The court was asked to have the road made less dangerous to public travel by clearing it of the big stones.

Bows to Us as Germ Chasers.

Professor John Adams contributes to the *British Weekly* an article entitled "The Microbe in America." He says:

"America has become intensely hygienic. Time was when Englishmen claimed prominence for the frequency with which they used the bath; now Americans tell stories among themselves of the scarcity of baths in English hotels, and even go to the length of referring to the Englishman's weekly tub; but the American desire for a separate bathroom is only one symptom of the widespread distrust of each others' ailments. Infection and contagion are so much feared that regulations are being made and enforced all over the States for the protection of the healthy citizen against the unhealthy."

Professor Adams refers to the paper drinking cups on the railroads, the drinking fountains which spout upward, and suggests one of the main causes of the increasing prominence given to hygiene in the conspicuous success of Americans in cleaning up Cuba and other places into which they were more or less willingly lured.

"Their brilliant success in the foreign field," he says, "without doubt encouraged Americans in their persistent attempts to save themselves from contaminating each other. The world is full of honest admiration of how Americans fought yellow fever and other disagreeable things; but one wonders whether the lesson of this success is to establish a sort of isolation in communion. Can we escape from each other? Are we taking the best means to escape? It seems a little comical to take all these elaborate precautions about separate drinking cups,

and yet allow the colored porter to handle ice that is to be put into the tank of drinking water. To be sure, he is provided with a pair of ice tongs, and theoretically need never touch ice; but all who are anxious to maintain their faith in the efficacy of the paper drinking cup will do well to look the other way when the tank is being replenished."

Nevertheless, concludes Professor Adams, England will have to follow the Americans' lead; only they must consider how to secure the maximum of safety with the minimum of interference with individual liberty.

Had Mania for Hair.

There was recently in Paris, France, a surprising sequel to a charge of theft preferred against two women by a wealthy engineer named Leramgourg. The police commissioner noticed that the hair of both women was cut short and in a peculiar manner. When questioned they declared that Leramgourg had hypnotized them and then cut off their hair. At Leramgourg's residence the police found locks of hair shorn from ninety-four women, which a wig maker estimated to be worth $500. It was also discovered that his shaving brushes were made of women's hair. Leramgourg has been arrested.

Cannot Find Explorers.

A further mishap in connection with the ill-fated Schroeder-Stranz arctic expedition was reported in a telegram which reached Christiania recently announcing the sinking of the cutter *Loevenskiold,* which set out for the relief of Lieutenant Schroeder-Stranz and his party, many of whom disappeared in Spitzbergen and some of whom are known to have perished.

The members of the Norwegian relief expedition on board the *Loevenskiold,* commanded by Captain Lerner, with five German explorers and a crew of eight sailors, are continuing the search in the ship's small boats and on sleds. They have hitherto found no traces of the missing explorer or his companions.

Captain Staxrud, the Norwegian leader of the other relief expedition, sent a wireless dispatch to the foreign office at Christiania, also reporting that he had found no trace of Schroeder-Stranz in Northeast Land. He said he was about to proceed across the ice and the land from William I. Island to Green Bay.

Lieutenant Schroeder-Stranz, with three companions, left the other members of his party last year to make a practice trip on sledges across Northeast Land, and they have not been heard of since.

The object of the Schroeder-Stranz expedition was to try to discover a northeast passage. None of the eleven Germans and five Norwegians composing the party had had any arctic experience.

Vipers and Snakes Relished by Japanese.

To make pets of snakes is the latest hobby of Japanese society. Fashionable women are cultivating a fancy for small and live serpents. They have about them the harmless spotted keel-backs and striped snakes, which are easily tamed.

The man who has done more than anybody else to establish this hobby is Kinjiro Nakamura, who has been engaged in the snake business for more than twenty years, and who has a wonderful assortment of reptiles. The most productive districts for snakes in Japan are certain mountain sections near Tokyo and Nikko. Here they are caught in large numbers. Japanese snake catchers drink sake before starting out to hunt large serpents, so that they will not be stupefied by the "poisonous breath" of the reptile. A real combat occurred recently between three men and a serpent twenty feet long. The snake poised its head about six feet above ground, knocked two men down with its tail, rendered another unconscious by its "poisonous breath," and then escaped.

But Mr. Nakamura has found other uses for snakes. He says they are popular as tonics for the digestive organs, and that some are used successfully as a remedy for pulmonary consumption. There is the food question, too. Nakamura says that the Japanese viper is splendid as a stimulant, either in powdered form or eaten with Japanese soy. In the districts around Nikko rice with snake fricassee is considered a most royal dish. The viper is also good as a cure for stomach trouble, if taken soaked in Japanese sake.

Woman Cabby on the Job.

Declaring that a woman has just as much right to drive a hack as she has to pound a typewriter, Mrs. L. J. Moses, of the Bronx, New York, appeared at the city hall, at Mount Vernon, N. Y., and took out a hack license. Mrs. Moses is about 30 years old, and attractive. She was modestly dressed and wore a pair of gray gauntlet gloves.

There was consternation among the hackmen when they saw Mrs. Moses taking up her position at the main New Haven Railroad station and putting in a bid for "fares." She had a brand-new surrey and a spirited horse, and is an expert horsewoman.

Elephants Wreck Circus.

During a recent severe electrical storm at Winnipeg a herd of eight elephants with a circus broke loose from their stakes, wrecked half of the circus tents, damaged a number of small buildings in the vicinity, and caused a panic.

The elephants were captured a number of times, only to break forth again before finally being quieted.

Squads of police were summoned, but refrained from taking part while trainers with iron bars and pitchforks tried to handle the animals, who destroyed thousands of circus seats, tore the canvas, and overturned the menagerie wagons, but no other animals escaped.

Career of Crime Almost Unbroken.

Calenda, the notorious Calabrian's brigands, is again on trial at Catanzaro Assizes, Milan, in the same grim iron cage in which, in the year 1868, he heard his condemnation to thirty years' hard labor for several murders. Hardly had he shaken off his shackles than he was hauled before the Monteleone assize court to expiate an outrageous crime for which he served five years in Brindisi convict settlement.

Calenda then expressed his intention of settling down quietly. This he did until 1905, when he heard that a young fellow named Macri had made a boast concerning Calenda's beautiful niece. Mad with rage, Calenda waylaid him with a gun. The shot missed; but a few nights later Macri was found pierced through the heart.

The brigand disappeared, and in his absence he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. A few days later a shepherd stumbled across a couple of bodies on the

mountain where Calenda was known to be in hiding. The two murdered men had given evidence against him. They had been shot in the back by bullets of a pattern that Calenda was carrying. The judicial authorities increased the penalty to one of lifelong imprisonment, and carabinieri were dispatched to scour the mountain fastnesses in hopes of capturing him.

Meantime Calenda—furnished with a false passport—was on his way to New York. No more was heard of him till 1911, when an Italian detective, dropping into a Brooklyn pharmacy, recognized the ex-brigand in the druggist's assistant. Hence his expulsion from the United States and his reappearance to answer for two murders and two other attempts at murder. This is the fourth time that the court has been occupied in judging his bloody deeds.

May Fly from Planet to Planet.

The *Daily Citizen*, of London, announces the discovery of a gas one-sixteenth the weight of hydrogen. The existence of the gas on earth has not been determined as yet, though the leading scientists, including Sir William Ramsay, are confident that they can find and produce it, but its presence in the sun was definitely established by a discovery made during the last eclipse.

The *Daily Citizen* quotes an anonymous scientist, who describes the gas "as being named coronium. If it can be produced on this earth it may revolutionize the science of aërostatics. When the earth became too cold for human habitation the people could move in airships to any planet that might strike their fancy. That would be unnecessary for a million years or more. By that time the means of combating atmospheric conditions during the voyage from the earth to another planet would have been discovered."

Pension Tom and Jerry.

The East Side Business Men's and Property Owners' Committee, of New York, which vigorously has urged the installation of electric instead of horse cars on Delancey Street, heard recently that the New York Railways Company would have all electric service on that street by the end of the month.

Immediately upon receipt of the welcome news, the committee held a meeting at 114 East Broadway and passed resolutions that Tom and Jerry, the oldest horses in the Delancey Street service, be retired to green pastures for the rest of their lives. Likewise a purse will be raised for "Pat, the Driver," Connell, aged 60, of 590 Greene Street, who has driven horse cars on Delancey Street for thirty-one years. The committee will seek to have Connell employed in some other capacity by the New York Railways Company.

Shoring Up Paris Hills.

Parisians realized recently with much alarm that the foundations of the city were in a highly dangerous state, threatening serious disasters unless radical measures were promptly taken. La Butte, the upper part of Montmartre, is sliding downhill, and on the other side of Paris, a little beyond the Latin Quarter, whole streets are on the eve of breaking up and subsiding into the ancient catacombs below.

In both cases the cause of the evil is considered to be the building works now going on feverishly all over Paris wherever possible. In the case of Montmartre, the whole Butte is found to have slipped about a foot in less than a year, and the side of the hills has bulged out in some places as much as three feet in the same time.

Prompt action on a big scale may prevent very considerable trouble later, and 20 concrete shafts, each over 170 feet deep, are being sunk in a series of lines on the other slope of the Butte which leads toward Paris. These, when completed, will be connected with each other by immense beams of iron. The shafts nearest the top of the hill will be the strongest; the rest will be linked to them by iron beams nearly a yard thick. In this way the city engineers intend to so solidify the foundations of the hill that no more slipping will be possible.

This Year-old Baby Could Swim.

The question of sea bathing led to a long discussion at the British Medical Association congress at Brighton.

Doctor Kennedy, of Bath, discussed the age at which it would be advisable for children to have sea baths, and added, amid laughter: "I bathed a child in the sea before he was one year old, and the remarkable fact about it is that the baby swam. I am quite prepared for the laugh, but the first moment I put the infant into the sea it struck out, and actually swam, but it never tried it afterward."

Realism of Stage Nearly Spells Death.

Mademoiselle Mistinguett, an actress, who has been seen frequently in New York, is in the hospital in Paris owing to a too strong sense of realism in a sister artist.

Mistinguett was playing the part of a bad woman who takes away a poor girl's lover. The actress, playing the part of the poor girl, attacks her with a hammer covered with cotton wool, and beats her over the head with it.

At a recent performance Mademoiselle Mistinguett fell to the ground, groaning, and the other actors applauded her heartily. It was only when she was seen to be bleeding and unconscious that it was realized that the cotton wool on the hammer had been forgotten.

Hurt Flying on a Dare.

Henri de la Roche, 26 years old, motor mechanician and former chauffeur to the King of Greece, is in an Omaha hospital severely injured, the result of a peculiar aëroplane accident.

La Roche, with several companions, attended a local aviation exhibition. The regular aviator failed to appear, and La Roche, who had been explaining to the crowd the intricate workings of the engine, was goaded by taunts and jeers to try an ascent. He made a good start upward, but when he reached a height of about thirty feet he lost control, the machine dropped to the earth, and crushed him beneath it. Both legs and three ribs were broken and he suffered internal injuries as well.

Pinch Hitting Not Always Profitable.

Pinch hitting has become a mania with many baseball managers. The man in the crowd has seen games lost at the Polo Grounds and Ebbets Field because of the employment of this practice. A pitcher who is effective enough to keep the opposing team down to a run or two while his own team is fighting hard for success is supplanted by a pinch hitter who probably doesn't deliver. The removal of the pitcher to make room for the fruitless hitter of course brings another boxman into the game, with the

frequent result that he is batted heavily, and the enemy is able to walk away with victory.

How many pinch hitters can drive the ball safely more than once in four times at the bat? Or in five trips to the plate? How many pitchers show less batting ability? Of course, all teams do not have Harold McCormicks or Hyatts to go to the pan in a pinch, but they are ready to take out pitchers almost at any stage of the proceedings when a base hit may produce or help to produce a run.

Coupled with this mania, which statisticians say has brought about many defeats, is the plan to put in right-handed hitters for left-handed regulars when the opposing team uses a left-handed pitcher. This idea is comparatively new and some managers, notably Stallings, Evers, and Dahlen, say that it gets results, but other baseball sharps seem to think that the removal of a left-handed batter when facing a southpaw is not inclined to strengthen the batter's confidence in himself.

To send up a pinch hitter for a pitcher or one of the regular fielders in one of the last few innings of a close game in which a base hit counts a lot, may work well at times, providing the substitute boxman is able to hold the opposition in check. Otherwise it is sheer folly to weaken the box in what usually is an unsuccessful attempt to strengthen the batting. Look over the major-league scores for a week or so; note the number of pinch hitters, what they accomplish, and also the effectiveness of the substitute pitchers! Then you can see for yourself how this overdone bit of strategy works!

Will Explore Franz Josef Land.

An arctic expedition, headed by Jules von Payer, sailed recently for the purpose of exploring and gathering scientific data in Franz Josef Land. It is understood that the expedition incidentally will attempt to revive the French whale and seal-fishing industries in the arctic by locating good fishing grounds. Van Payer is an Austrian. His father, Julius von Payer, led the Tegethoff expedition in the seventies, which discovered Franz Josef Land.

Enforces Cigarette Law.

Instructions to enforce the cigarette law passed by the last Minnesota legislature and to prosecute all unlicensed dealers who sell or give away the "nails" or the "makings" have been issued by State Dairy and Food Commissioner J. G. Winkjer to twenty-one inspectors in the department.

Mr. Winkjer said dealers tried to evade the law by taking orders, but that this offense was just as punishable as selling direct or giving away cigarettes or papers. Where licensed dealers sold to minors prosecutions could also be started.

Berlin Uses Tons of Face Powder Every Day.

Berlin's daily use of face powder, cold cream, scented toilet water, and other toilet accessories has been set forth in tons and pounds by a local newspaper, and the results are striking.

Three-quarters of a ton of face powder, and 350 pounds of black and brown eyebrow pencils are used daily in the city, according to these statistics. Seven hundred pounds of cold cream are the figures for one day, and the Berlin women—one assumes that it is the women—require 400 sticks of red lip pomade every 24 hours.

Hair bleaching has practically died out, but the sale of hair dyes is increasing, "especially to elderly men," says the report. Scented toilet waters and bath essences to the total of four and one-half tons are disposed of in Berlin daily. Rose remains the favorite scent, with violet second, followed closely by exotic Indian perfumes.

Admit Former Newsboy to Medical Practice.

A former newsboy, Maxwell Goldman, 22 years old, of 42 Spring Street, West End, Boston, was admitted to the practice of medicine in Massachusetts recently by the State board of registration.

When he chose his profession "vocational training" had not been invented, yet he used a scientific method in choosing his work. Goldman sized up his customers as he delivered their papers and finally decided that the life of a physician was most to his liking. Then he started to put himself through the Boston University school of medicine, from which he was graduated this spring as president of his class.

Spokane Indians Observe Rites.

Of the thousands of people who visited Spokane, Wash., during the recent powwow probably the most interested of them all was the Indian. He wandered about the streets—sometimes a whole group of them, and sometimes it was a bunch of squaws with wide-eyed, brown-skinned papooses toddling along. To the younger generation the celebration simply meant a "hi you skookum time" in the big town.

On the other hand came the grizzled old warrior, with his seamed and sunken cheeks, his drooping shoulders detracting from his height as he shambled up and down the gayly bedecked streets. How childishly he smiled at the passer-by and how his features wrinkled into a smile as some stopped and greeted him with, "Hi you cumtox?" ("Do you understand?") "Hu tenas," came his answer, meaning a "little bit."

When asked how he liked the powwow he launched forth on a eulogy of his race, saying: "Me little boy, no white mans. Spokane all Indians; me born where now Spokane; all tepees, lots horses; me little boy, catch fish in river; Indian lots skookum time. Now all white man say Indian cultus. Indian no more good hunt." So the old fellow rambled on, telling of the big celebrations observed by the tribes and of the wonderful council meetings, or Indian powwows, that he had attended.

These council meetings are still observed by most of the tribes over on the reservation, although the Indian agent is the big "white father." The chiefs and their councils decide many ponderous tribal questions, and do much to keep order among their people. Any new law or idea is, of course, subject to the approval of the agent, while the stringent rules laid out by the council of wise men do much to uphold the rules of the agent.

How different from the wonderful word picture drawn in the history of our school days is the council meeting of the present day. Gone are the feathered headdress and war paint, but "calumet," the pipe of peace, still remains, a reminder of the picturesque past.

Out on the Spokane reservation, within thirty miles of Spokane, these councils, or powwows, can be seen every month. Chief Joseph rules his people with a stern hand, but the young son of the Moses line of chiefs is still a small boy, and a tentative chief has been chosen by that portion of the tribe belonging to him. This chief must

call his councilmen together whenever he wishes to decide anything, and in primitive fashion they gather around a fire.

It is not the crackling, blazing bonfire the white man builds, but a smoldering gleam of light. The pipe is still passed from one to another in absolute silence. Each Indian takes a puff and passes it on. In this ancient ceremony the Indian scorns the handiwork of the white artisan, and uses a long-stemmed pipe he has carved for himself.

Sitting on crossed feet, after the smoke, they talk back and forth in their native tongue, and at times seem to reach heated argument, the same as their more educated brothers often do. To the uninitiated onlooker it sounds more as if they were growling at each other than talking, but that is the characteristic guttural of the Indian.

Very few of the real "wise men" of the tribe are left now, and those few are getting feeble.

Of such sturdy old fellows are the councils of the tribe made up, and they are the first to frown upon any lawlessness committed by the younger members of the tribe. At their regular council meetings the note of the tom-tom and the croon of the tribal songs are no longer heard, but during their summer encampments, when they revert to the primitive life and live in tepees and cook over open fires, the old tribal tom-tom is again brought forth, and to the dull refrain from its depth the old men chant their native songs.

Mascot Brings Aid.

A dog mascot is the hero of the baseball team of the Christiana Athletic Club, of Wilmington, Del. The team was stranded in a broken-down automobile between Mount Pleasant and Middletown Sausage.

A note reading "Send help," was tied to the dog's collar and the animal made its way to Wilmington, a distance of twenty miles, and, running into the clubhouse, jumped upon the vice president until he took some notice of its actions, and found the note.

Tells of Indians in Old Des Moines.

Mrs. Bernard Murphy, of Vinton, the third white child to be born in Polk County, was an unexpected guest at the annual picnic and reunion of the pioneers of the county held recently in Haines Park, south of Altoona.

Mrs. Murphy, who is the wife of the editor of the Vinton *Eagle*, was visiting friends in St. Paul, Minn., when she learned of the plans for the reunion of the pioneers of the county. Desire to meet her pioneer friends prompted her to make the trip to Des Moines to spend a few hours in their company. Mrs. Murphy was given an honored place on the afternoon's program of reminiscent addresses.

Mrs. Murphy is a daughter of John Baird, conciliator of the Indians and frontiersmen. She was born in 1848 not 200 rods from the forks of the two rivers, which was then the site of the frontier military post. The commemorative tablet erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Des Moines, on the site of the post, is in reality placed upon the spot upon which stood the double log cabin in which she was born. Her father, Mrs. Murphy remembers, was a friend of the Indians and a personal friend of such chiefs as Black Hawk and Keokuk. He spoke the languages of the different tribes, and, although realizing the faults of the race, defended them from the persecutions of whites, and arbitrated the misunderstandings of titles which arose between the pioneers and the dispossessed Indians. Mrs. Murphy told something of her early life in a frontier post.

"I well remember taking up the cry of 'Indians coming' when I was a child," Mrs. Murphy said, as she smiled mistily in remembrance of the past. "The Indians always had a war dance when they came to the little hamlet of Des Moines, which was one house in those days.

"After the fort was abandoned we lived several miles south of Des Moines. Since my father was a friend of the Indians, the trail from the West led to our farm. The trail divided west of the farm, and the other led to Des Moines. I always feel the same thrill of fear when I think of those days. It was queer, but in spite of all of the Indians that came to our house and made themselves at home, we children always had the same terror that the other children had. My mother did not have any fear of the Indians. They were hostile toward the whites whom they considered their enemies, and massacres were very common in those days. I remember that the Indians always carried arrow-tipped spears, which they held above and in front of them. When they would be coming up the trail the sun made the tips on their spears shine like steel. We could sight them far away, and then we always ran into the house screaming to mother. Father came to Des Moines in 1843 from Kentucky to act as arbitrator with the Indians for the government, but later took up farming. So far as I know I am the third white child to be born in the county. The first child died in infancy, and the other one is now dead."

Musical Commands for German Troops.

In the future German officers who have a musical ear will be better able than others to give commands, for the method of pronouncing orders to troops is to be entirely revolutionized. Instead of any one being fully qualified to utter commands, provided he does not suffer from a stammer or other linguistic defect, he will now have to know his scales.

The kaiser has been considerably exercised in his mind lately because invariably the orders are barbarously distorted, and many of the syllables of the words used remain in the officer's throat. But, worst of all, each officer has his own way of "pitching" his orders.

Professor Spiess was instructed by the kaiser to reform all this, and after working for several weeks and laboring over the claims of the various notes, natural and flat, the professor finally found the note on which orders must be based—C natural.

This is probably the first time that the enunciation of orders has been taken up scientifically, and there is a bad time ahead for officers who lack a musical ear.

Dumb Ten Years; Recovers Voice.

After being dumb for ten years, a Leeds, England, youth found the power of speech restored to him during the excitement of a cricket match. Not less remarkable was the boy's conduct in concealing the restoration of speech from all around him until he had written a letter to his mother telling the news.

The youth, while trying to steal a run, found himself trying to shout. He even thought he heard his own voice, and, much puzzled, stole away to the woods after the match was over, and there in solitude found that his

voice was really restored. For a long time he remained talking to himself, and anon shouting with delight, and then went back, and, without letting any one know what happened, wrote his mother.

He became dumb after an attack of influenze ten years ago. His doctor predicted he would probably regain his speech even after the lapse of years.

Baseball Leads.

There is no question in the minds of students of outdoor sport that baseball is the king of all games played with a ball, and gradually that is becoming an established fact in the mind of the public. Once upon a time cricket, hockey, polo, and lacrosse attempted to contest the question of interest, merit, and superiority with baseball, but each was ousted from consideration until only football remained in the lists.

Comes now Manager-Player Birmingham, of the Cleveland team, once a star football player at Cornell, with the positive statement:

"Baseball requires quicker thinking and action that football. There is a crisis to meet in each of the sports and at a certain moment in the game. If one man on the football team fails to produce, there is a chance that some of his teammates will back him up and push him through, but in baseball the crisis hangs on one man, and he is the only one who holds the game in his hands. He must make good or the game is done."

In this statement Manager Birmingham touches, perhaps unconsciously, upon the one vital point of difference between the two great games, namely, the individual factor. In football, teamwork is everything, and the individual is completely subordinated, whereas in baseball teamwork and individual work combine so skillfully that the individual may shine without detriment to the teamwork. This makes for an open game in which the average spectator loses nothing, which never goes beyond his comprehension, and which enables him to be loyal to a team and at the same time indulge his inherent disposition to hero worship. There is the greatest factor in the enduring popularity and amazing patronage which makes baseball the national game, and will eventually make it the great universal sport.

Rights of Women in Japan Are Considered.

So much interest has been taken in the question of rights of Japanese women that important publications have gathered a symposium of views of prominent men. The great majority favor an extension of privileges to women.

Viscount Uuchida, former ambassador to Washington, declared it is quite justifiable for educated Japanese women to follow the examples of their Western sisters in claiming political rights. He feels, however, that the long-established and strong influence of the family system in Japan will be effectual in checking a general spread of the movement for some time to come.

Doctor Tatebe, professor of sociology at the Imperial University, regards the "new women" of Japan as "poisoned" by this "fad" from America and Europe. At the same time, the nation has reached a stage where education of women should be so directed, he says, as to produce women who have full consciousness of their place in the national life and needs.

Count Okuma argues that in so much as the two sexes perform different functions in society, they should be educated along different lines. The English suffragettes are drastic in their actions because society in England has reached an unnatural state by reason of the large number of English women who are unmarried. In America the movement is of a milder form, because there the supply of male population goes on steadily.

So far as Japan is concerned, Count Okuma finds that the growing economic independence of women has compelled men to show greater respect to their wives and to exercise restraint in their old, lordly attitude. This has been an excellent thing because it conduces to greater harmony in married life.

Police "Relay" Girl to Her Home.

To be "relayed" home by the police at two a. m. daily is a jolly experience for a Chicago girl who is "afraid to go home in the dark," according to Miss Grace Wick, whose work keeps her out until that hour.

Miss Wick is young and she is pretty. Recently the district she traverses in reaching home has been the scene of several holdups. Miss Wick's only weapon was a vicious hatpin. She feared that that was not sufficient, and appealed to the police department for an escort. No one policeman could go the entire route because of the "beat" lines. Now Patrolman Ruddy Jacobson calls for Miss Wick at her place of employment. He takes her to the end of his beat and turns his fair charge over to another, who escorts her home.

"It's fine to go home on a strong policeman's arm," she said. "I just think Policeman Jacobson is about the best ever."

Quick-change Burglar Tried.

One of the four men tried at the Old Bailey court, London, England, for the Berkeley Hotel burglary case, was said by a detective to have been engaged in crime since the age of fifteen or sixteen years.

This was William Fell, who, said Sergeant Weston, belonged to a gang of burglars, one of whom carried a pistol loaded with ammonia for blinding dogs. Weston said he had followed Fell when he left home dressed as a painter, and about a mile away he would hail a cab and disappear. Later, he would meet Fell dressed in a frock coat and opera hat. He had also known him to cross a railway line, changing from one train to another, and carry out a quick change.

Forfeit Up for World's Baseball Tour Fare.

The round-the-world tour of the Chicago Americans and the New York Nationals became a certainty recently when Charles Comiskey, owner of the White Sox, posted a forfeit necessary to assure transportation. The teams will sail from Vancouver, B. C., on November 19, making the trip to the Pacific coast in a special train.

Several exhibition games will be played en route. So far six Giants and six of the White Sox have announced their intention to make the tour. John McGraw, manager of the Giants, has posted a guarantee for twenty-five persons, and Comiskey for twice that number.

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